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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

P. G. MOIR, *Managing Editor* — J. H. TOMPKINS, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial Associates: JO H. CHAMBERLIN — MARY M. COLUM

LETA CLEWS CROMWELL — RALPH M. PEARSON — ELEANOR L. VAN ALEN

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F O R U M

and Century

MAY, 1940 VOL. CIII, NO. 5

Irresponsible Germany

by **LEWIS GALANTIÈRE**

NEARLY A QUARTER of a century ago the President of the United States, speaking as if in the name of all the Allied and Associated Powers, declared to the world that he was at war not with the German people but with their government. The purpose of his war was, in the historic phrase, that the world be "made safe for democracy," and the assumption underlying this dictum was that, once the Imperial Government had been defeated, the German people would as a matter of course institute the only regime under which a civilized people could possibly choose to live — the democratic regime.

Mr. Wilson's assumption turned out to be both right and wrong. It was right in the matter of the regime instituted by the Germans but wrong in the notion that the institution of this regime would be the result of their deliberate choice. What happened in Germany in November, 1918, was not revolution but anarchy. There was no revolt: there was a political breakdown at home consequent upon a military collapse at the front.

Maximilian Harden records:

> When it became impossible for the newspapers to go on telling tales of glorious exploits at the front, when this drug could no longer be administered, the absence of stimulus suddenly exposed the German weakness. By traditional courtesy, this collapse came to be known as Revolution.

An uprising of sailors on the war vessels and in the town of Kiel touched off the bomb of anarchy on November 4, 1918, and the explosion was felt south, west, and north several days before it was heard in Berlin.

On the morning of November 9, the official gazette of the central association of trades unions was still remarking that it was "premature" to discuss the question of Hohenzollern abdication. This paper wrote editorially:

> There are people in Berlin who are thinking seriously of founding by decree a German republic. It is impossible to undertake this task until the problem of the basis of a people's state has first been taken under consideration.

Two of the fundamental characteristics of the German are revealed in this pronouncement: the incapacity for prompt decision and the instinct to take shelter behind collective consultation before a line of action is adopted. Yet, on the very morning when the labor paper published this editorial, Scheidemann, the leader of the Social-Democrat Party and the chief spokesman for organized labor, stepped out on the balcony of the Reichstag and proclaimed Germany a republic.

Not choice but circumstance had motivated the proclamation. Scheidemann had been afraid that, if he did not act in the name of his Party, either its bitter enemies, the independent socialists under Haase, would seize the

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power, or its even bitterer enemies, the extreme-left Spartakists, under Liebknecht, would take over. "Republic" was the form of government announced in the proclamation because this was, in the prevailing chaos, the word least likely to estrange the panic-stricken bourgeoisie to whom the Social-Democrats looked for support.

The Accidental Republic

In the course of the American Revolution, the people then on this continent knew, by July 4, 1776, pretty much what they wanted and very certainly what they did not want. Before the outbreak of the French Revolution, the representatives of the middle classes, the Third Estate, brought to the convocation of the States-General the celebrated *cahiers* in which each town and province had recorded its complaints and set forth its demands on the royal government. The British rebellion of 1649 and the revolution that followed in 1688 were the outcome of conditions pondered and demands formulated almost from the beginning of the century.

No analogous preparations had been made by any of the German parties in the years preceding 1918, for the simple reason that no German party stood for revolution; no party had in mind the overthrow of imperial or monarchical government; and no party so much as anticipated that a collapse at the front might put on it the obligation (to say nothing of providing it with the opportunity) of taking over the business of government. There was

no German revolution; there was no German intent to revolt; there was no German thought of participating in Mr. Wilson's democratic universe.

Every Fourth of July since the year 1776 has been blessed in the churches and feted in the public squares and streets of the United States of America.

In Paris, twelve months to the day after the Bastille had been taken on July 14, 1789, a great concourse of people, including representatives of every province of France, gathered in the Champ de Mars to celebrate their deliverance from absolutism. Spontaneously, the nation had grasped that this date marked the beginning of a new age, and no July 14 has since passed, under the Republic, without national celebration.

In Germany, on the other hand, November 9 was never celebrated between 1919 and 1932. From the beginning, the German Republic was a foreign and unfamiliar monster to the German people, and they never took to it. The conservatives maintained that it was born of an outrageous uprising responsible for the loss of the war by "stabbing the army in the back." To the middle classes it represented the inauguration of a reign of chaos and inflation which only made them regret the more the disappearance of the Empire. To the workers, who had imagined that it would take the form of a proletarian state, the Republic stood as the agency of a corrupt oligarchy. A mass of new liberties had descended on a people who were totally without political education, who had done nothing to conquer those liberties, and who did not know how to make use of them.

It wants more than a proclamation and a written constitution to make a republic; but these were all the German democracy possessed. The first words of the first German President, the socialist Friedrich Ebert, spoken to the troops returned from the front, were a reference to a dead past and not a promise of a living future. Addressing them from that Hohenzollern monument, the Brandenburger Gate in Berlin, on December 10, 1918, "You return to your homes," he said, "without having sustained defeat." Had Lenin and Trotsky spoken in this childishly consolatory fashion to the Russians, Petrograd would still be the seat of the Romanovs.

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No Republic Wanted

It is not by any means the whole truth to say that the Treaty of Versailles and the obstructionism of the French destroyed the German Republic. Certainly, they contributed to its destruction; but the German army chiefs, encouraged by Ebert's words, were no less responsible than the allied armies of occupation; the German bureaucrats still in office, stimulated to sabotage by the flabbiness of the regime, were no less guilty than the Poincarist bureaucrats of France; the German profiteers, given every latitude by the feeble management of the Reichsbank under Havenstein, were quite as destructive of German economic life (subsequently repaired by American and English loans) as the French bondholders with their insistence on reparation.

Yet none of these forces, external or internal, could have defeated German republicanism had the Germans desired to be republicans. None of them could have destroyed the German Republic had that republic been the product of the deliberate will of the German people. The American revolutionaries of 1775–87 fought a more disheartening war and went through a no less difficult period of nation building than the Germans of the decade 1914–23; the French revolutionaries of 1789–99 had a more passionate external enemy to fight and knew just as gruesome and privative an internal inflation as the Germans of 1914–23; yet both America and France became and remained republics, for the reason that their peoples passionately desired freedom, desired that they be republics.

The Germans of 1919 did not want a democratic regime. Their army, their bureaucrats, and their leading statesmen — not the Social-Democrats but Stresemann and Rathenau — sufficiently put the world on notice to this effect. Rathenau, Jew though he was, served the cause of the German *Volk* cult. Stresemann's published correspondence reveals that he was working in the interest of the Kaiser's eldest son. Stresemann might be considered to have been conspiring against the government of which, as foreign minister, he was a member; but in a deeper sense neither he nor Rathenau was conspiring against the German people. Both knew what was fitting and proper for the Germans in the light of the political

incapacity of that people, and they knew that the Republic was not wanted.

National Interests

Mr. Wilson was wrong in 1917. Today the democratic world appears to have fallen back into his error. It is again saying that the war of the English and the French is not a war carried on against the German people but is a war against their governors. It is again divorcing the German people from their government.

But on what authority is such an absurdity put forth? How does one go about dissociating any people from its government for purposes of war? The two — people and government — are the same, are indissolubly fused, and cannot be separated. The government will evolve from age to age, perhaps from generation to generation: it will change in form, in external aim, in internal policy; but it will change only as the people themselves first change. It will show differences with the past as often as new forces arise in the nation to put into the seat of government men speaking for that stratum of society currently dominant.

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Our own Republican Party, for example, spoke in the nineteenth century for the business world; today Mr. Roosevelt's regime appears to be speaking for labor and the small farmer. The Imperial German Government stood for the military caste, for *Junkertum* and German big business; Hitler's government reflects the passions and the ideals of the lower middle classes of the German towns. In this there is not the least ground for dissociating the government from the people. If, one day, you have a truly democratic regime in the seat of government of Germany, the existence of that regime will tell you merely that a given stratum of German society is in the ascendant. It will not mean that all Germans have become democrats — any more than the presidency of Cleveland meant that all Americans were free traders and of McKinley that they were protectionists and imperialists. As well argue from our national budgets that we were a sober and thrifty people in the roaring Coolidge-Mellon era and are now an extravagant one.

The common error made by those who distinguish between the people and the government of Germany is easily exposed. In every nation there is an ever-present contradiction between the will to tranquillity of the people and the utterances and actions of its governors. The reason is that this will to tranquillity is a reflection of the interest of the individual, whereas the acts of the governors are commanded by the interest of the state as that interest results from historic, demographic, geographic, and other circumstances which lie outside the control of any individual.

Croce once defined history as "the study of the whole of the present under the aspect of how it came to be." Politics might be defined as action in the present commanded by those historic circumstances which have made the present what it is. The materials with which politics works are the sum of the past as it exists in the present. What the individual desires in his private existence, what moves him in his personal relations, has some influence on contemporary politics, but even in a democracy that influence is small. It is in the future that our present desires and emotions, as individuals, exercise their influence on policy—in the future, when they have become part of the national past and have brought about circumstances, created forces, which at that future time constitute the interest of the state.

Today, for example, the individual Englishman, sitting in his pub, his garden, or his club, is personally indifferent to the question whether British India should be awarded dominion status immediately, as the Indians are demanding, or only after the war with Germany is ended, as the British Government is insisting. But what past Englishmen, in their private capacity, appropriated or otherwise acquired, instituted, and built up in that subcontinent, subsequently created an interest of the state that is now a national, not a private, subject of politics. It is this national interest with which the British Government is now concerned and about which the individual Englishman feels nothing, one way or the other.

This factor of interest may be called purely material — as if there were something inherently foul in everything material — but even then it is not the peculiar personal interest of the officials dealing with the political problem. It may be called class interest, but even class interest, as Marx saw more clearly than anyone else, is in certain circumstances assimilable to national interest. Meanwhile, the point I wish to stress is that the interest of the state is a thing for which the whole nation must be held responsible — and not merely the governors of the nation.

Responsibility of the People

Four hundred years ago a German Franciscan named Johann Eberlin, of Guenzburg, wrote an idealistic constitution for the Germans, an ordinance for a sort of Utopia which he called "Welfaria." Tender, reasonable, full of sense and tolerance, it did away with both imperial and canon law, abolished judgeships and advocacies, tolerated Jews and heathens, outlawed heresy hunting, made education compulsory for children, forbade the erection of "immoderately costly buildings" other than public edifices, abolished war for purposes of "extending or aggrandizing our land," allowed cards and dicing but only for small stated stakes, authorized three hours of village dancing each week, required that no business establishment employ more than three hands, and provided that every governor, from the village headman to the king, should be elected and should legislate only by the advice

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and with the consent of his local or national council.

Justice and sanity inform every line of this brief and simple document, this text for the governance of a rural hamlet drafted to display the world in which an individual preferred to live. And no individual, German or other, living in a German village in the year 1521, would have lived unhappily under the laws of this modest Solon. But 1521 happened to be a culminant year in Europe. It was the year in which Luther was condemned by the Diet at Worms. The dynamite contained in more than three centuries of struggle between Empire and Papacy, in three centuries of exploitation of the pious Germans by a cynical and voracious episcopate, suddenly exploded in this year; and the Germans were started on a career of brutal strife and religious warfare which brought them two whole centuries of darkness and misery. Not what the individual, Eberlin, designed and desired but what the accumulated past made necessary constituted the substance of Reformation politics; and what the then dominant stratum of German society — the princes — designed and desired determined how the political problems would be met.

Yet, even in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the peoples were not dissociable from their governments. One could not say then, "The German people are not responsible for this civil and religious horror." They were so responsible. They were responsible in the degree to which they refrained from employing their strength to protest effectively against acts of which they disapproved (as indeed the peasants did protest in their risings of 1524–25). They were responsible, also, in the measure to which, by their passion and partisanship, however earnest and well meant, they participated in the acts of horror that took place.

Equally, since 1932, the people of Germany are responsible in the degree to which they submit themselves to the rule of a regime which, to say the least of it, has in seven years been unable to attract to itself a single disinterested friend or incorruptible ally in the whole world.

Renan wrote:

> It is not the power enjoyed by absolutist governments but the low estate of the subject that maintains peoples in subjection. Do you seriously believe that if they were ripe for freedom they would not on the instant create their own liberties?

That the German people do not show themselves "ripe for freedom" is not Hitler's fault but their own.

The Will to Freedom

The peoples of Sparta, of Macedonia, of Prussia were not peoples who lived under tyrannies. A military state is not in itself a tyranny, is not of necessity a state in which the people are actually more dissatisfied than other peoples. The Spartans, the Macedonians, the Prussians were peoples who elected or at any rate submitted themselves to a way of life; they were not forced against their will to tolerate a tyranny. None of these peoples ever displayed a desire to quarrel with its rulers, none ever rebelled against its governors. (The revolting helots of Sparta were not Spartans but foreign captives forced into servitude by their captors.)

It is too early to say that all the Germans have been turned into something resembling the Spartans, with Bohemians, Slovaks, Poles, and others to serve them as helots. Indeed it is certain that many Germans of the west and the south do feel themselves to be living under a tyranny and that thousands of Germans are individually unhappy in their state. But to argue from this that Hitler has forced on all the Germans, against their will, the adventure on which they have since 1933 embarked is merely to say that what the average American dislikes the average German must dislike. As well argue that, because the Frenchman habitually drinks wine, the American also has a palate for wine. Democracy, at least as much as wine, is the result of a process of cultivation and aging, and all the kind feelings we can summon should not allow us to forget that the Germans have not passed through the process that breeds a taste for democracy.

Of course many Germans are shocked by *excessive* anti-Semitism, just as many Americans are not in the least shocked by a light touch of anti-Semitism. Of course many German villages had, in Sam Blythe's phrase, their "pet Jew." But to assume that the German who is shocked by a pogrom is also made miserable by the Greater Germany drive of the Nazi regime is to ignore a thousand years of German history and indoctrination.

No less unwarranted is the notion that this great and gifted German people is, paradoxi-

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cally, at the same time a people brutishly submissive to a fate imposed on it by its governors, a people without a will of its own. It has decidedly a will but it exercises that will in the direction of its own historic evolution and cannot be expected to exercise it in the direction of French or American or British historic evolution.

Everyone asked, during the past year, "Do you believe the English care enough about Poland to risk their necks for her?" Nobody asked, "Do you believe the Germans want to embrace their Sudeten brothers enough to be killed for them? Do you think the Germans want the Corridor enough to die to get it?" But, while many Germans may have had no taste for this ugly business, they certainly felt that they stood to gain by it; and it is not too much to believe that all of them saw in the two campaigns, as in the absorption of Austria, a glorious augmentation of the splendor and power of the German *Volk*. It would be a piece of prodigious optimism on the part of those who are not fighting the Germans but are fighting only the Nazi regime to imagine that, when the present war ends in an Anglo-French victory, the Germans by and large will be happy to see Bohemia, Slovakia, and Posen revert into non-German hands.

"A Government," Madison wrote in *The Federalist*, "ought to control the passions and be controlled by the reason of the public." In both the Second Reich of Wilhelm II and the Third Reich of Adolf Hitler we see the working of historic forces which operate in such a way as to display that Madison's ideal is singularly difficult to attain. The Kaiser in one aspect and Hitler in another both stand as symbols of the passions of the German public defeating the reason of their most prudent counselors. Neither the Kaiser nor Hitler can be viewed as a leader who forced his passion on an essentially reasonable and reluctant public.

What the Germans Must Learn

Those who proclaim the innocence of the German people have still to explain why this people should be singled out as the only Pure Fool in Christ, the only Parsifal among the nations. We do not dissociate the Italians from Mussolini or the Japanese from Hirohito. If, tomorrow, the United States of America should go to war with the Japanese Empire, no one, I think, would beg us to distinguish between the Japanese Government and the Japanese people, to refrain from references to Japanese imperialism, to blow kisses across the Pacific to our brother the silkworm cultivator, and our sister, the geisha girl. Whence arises this insistence that not once but twice in twenty years — and each time in respect of a different form of government and a different social category of leadership — the world must hasten to dissociate the Germans from their governors?

It arises, I suspect, out of the notion that the German people are not free agents (would the Japanese people be?) but even more deeply out of the confusion that exists in many generous minds between the conception of a military state and the conception of a tyrannical rule. I am not at all sure that the National Socialist state is viewed by most Germans as a tyranny, however it may look to men who live outside it. I am not at all sure that it cannot be thought of simply as a military state whose people have accepted, as a matter of historic determinism, a given way of life, and are therefore no less morally responsible for their government than the peoples with representative institutions are responsible for theirs.

But quite apart from the matter of absolution, the conviction that Herr Hitler and his party do not "represent" the German people does not touch the heart of the problem. It is not this, obviously, that prompted the British to fly leaflets instead of bombs over north Germany in September. The central difficulty is that the world does not know which way the Germans will turn when the war is over. What the British leaflets said in effect was not so much, "We love you and feel for you and wish you no harm," as, "Be of our kind; now or later, play according to our rules; we'll make it worth your while."

Up to the time of the French Revolution, war was a pretty simple business. You went to war either for territorial aggrandizement or to put yourself or cousin on a throne, and you either succeeded or failed in your aim. Since the French republicans checked the allied monarchists at Valmy on September 20, 1792, the great wars of the Western world have had a different cast. The French fought to preserve their freedom, and what they got was the Caesarism of Napoleon I and the reactionary governments

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of the Restoration. The Germans fought in 1813 to expel Napoleon and to build a free nation, and their reward, too, was a reactionary restoration in 1815. The Allied and Associated Powers fought for universal democracy in 1914, and the outcome for them was a world of communist-fascist totalitarian enemies. The difficulty is that, fighting a war to attain a given goal, the victor finds himself coming out at a place different from the one he expected to reach when he began to fight.

This, obviously, is the lesson which the British and the French have learned and is the explanation of the slow-motion picture now in progress. You fight to put down totalitarianism of a given kind, say Hitlerism, and you get — what? The question, "What sort of Germany will be born of this war?" is the clew to the puzzle of the conduct of the war since it started.

Clearly, the answer to this question is not as simple as it seemed in 1917, when no one, Mr. Wilson least of all, stopped to reflect that the Germans might not like or might not be ready for that gold standard of political science, democracy. Nobody today is very sure what a blueprint of democracy, model 1940, would look like. When you are yourself not a very faithful follower of the Prophet you have not the heart to cry out to your captive, knife in air, "Swear to worship my god or die!" The position of England and France is very embarrassing.

But this is not something which relieves the German people of responsibility as the agents of their own fate. Whether they fight for Hitlerism or fall into Stalinism or elect a third way out, the responsibility is still theirs. And this people will not face this responsibility in the future any more than in the past, so long as the whole of the democratic world, from the British Ministry for Propaganda to Miss Nora Waln, continues to assure it that it is a dear, sweet people, truly better than its governors, and absolved from all responsibility for what is done in the name of the German *Volk*.

What must be impressed on the Germans is that both the Kaiser and Herr Hitler were mad to imagine that they were living in the Europe of A.D. 962–1250, when the Germans were the masters of Western Christendom; that it is time the Germans ceased to dream wistfully of their medieval empire and undertook the sober task of making themselves into a nation, one among the other nations of Europe. What must be shown them is that they have misread their own past, that it is not a history of world coalitions organized to keep them from their rightful dominion over all Christendom but is a history of their failure to bring themselves abreast of the Western nations in the art of politics. What they must be made to see is that the other peoples of Europe are fully as determined to remain independent of German hegemony as the Germans are to impose that hegemony, and that, though the partners on the side against them may change from war to war, the contest is bound each time to end in a stalemate.

Magna Charta, the charter of aristocratic government as opposed to monarchical absolutism, had a life of some four hundred years. The middle-class revolutions, beginning with the English rebellion of 1649, had a run of nearly three hundred years. The Communist Manifesto of 1848, by shifting the center of concern from political equality to economic justice, inaugurated a third age in modern politico-economic society; and, while it is by no means in the cards that the future society of the West must be Marxist, it is undeniable that the great problem of the West is the reallocation of economic powers and rewards. It is a singular misfortune for the Western world that the foundation of a German state, the conversion of the Germans from a people — as the Jews or the Arabs are a people — into a nation — as the French or the British are a nation — should have been delayed so long that this earth-shaking problem must coincide in time with the equally difficult socio-economic problem that confronts Western society. Those people are doing a puzzled and harassed world no good who encourage the German people to believe that they are the irresponsible victims of their governors, that they are unanswerable to the world for what their governors do, and that it is somehow reserved for them alone to share in the fruits of civilization without the assumption of any duty or the fulfillment of any trust towards Western society as a whole.

In an early issue: 'America Is Not God'

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Poor Old Boston

by **ROBERT R. MULLEN**

BOSTON TODAY has the highest taxes of any comparable city in the whole United States. It costs more there, in taxes, to own a home, a car, or what have you than in any other city of a million population. The cost of government is highest; schools cost more per student; there are more firemen and more policemen per citizen than in any similar city. Boston's assessments are in a muddle; her budget is a mess; her real estate is imperiled; her population is stationary.

Boston is in a bad way, and the pity of it is that everything is available for making her one of the most progressive and best governed cities in the country. Only acceptance by her citizens of the belief that incompetence, wastefulness, and worse are inevitable concomitants of public affairs seems to obstruct progress.

Some blame this state of mind on James Michael Curley; others, on the Irish in general. This is convenient but inaccurate. It ignores the fundamentals of the wildest, most hurly-burly, madcap adventure yet experienced by an American city. In Boston of all places!

Remember, first, that Boston was settled not by persecuted Pilgrims but by members of the Bay Company, devout, even a bit sticky in their Puritanism, but primarily middle-class merchants out to make money. The Revolution — in which they participated heart, soul, and pocketbook — freed them from colonial trade restrictions. They profited enormously. Their brave little sailing ships went to Canton, St. Petersburg, the Île de France, and Bombay. Excepting the brief period of Jefferson's embargoes and the War of 1812, they continued to pile up fortunes out of sea trade from 1780 to 1850.

At that halfway mark in the nineteenth century, Boston was populated mostly by direct descendants of the Puritans. The merchants lived in lovely Bulfinch houses on Beacon Hill in the shadow of Bulfinch's triumph, the State House. Although Donald McKay was just turning out his clippers in East Boston, the commercial pace had noticeably lessened. Most of the big fortunes had been handed down at least one generation, and the trend had turned from the sea to investments in the golden West. But ventures beyond the Mississippi were mostly reserved for the younger members of families who had not profited too greatly from the sea or who had been improvident. Those of established wealth were settling down to that era of intellectual development that saw the burgeoning of Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Thoreau.

Material symbols of those gracious days remain. You can stroll down Beacon Street today and at Number 296 you will see on the brass plate above the doorbell the initials O.W.H., for Oliver Wendell Holmes, the beloved Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. You can retrace his footsteps past Number 241, where Julia Ward Howe wrote her *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, up Mount Vernon Street to Louisburg Square, where the Bronson Alcotts lived and where, in Number 22, Jenny Lind was married. Follow the Autocrat down Joy Street, back across Beacon, and to the Long Walk of the Common. Here, legend has it, the Autocrat proposed most romantically to the schoolmistress: "Won't you take the Long Walk with me?"

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And she, repressing the swoon demanded by the moment and the times, pulled herself together long enough to whisper: "Yes, I will take the Long Walk with you."

Indeed, there is plenty of old lace and lavender in Boston, but the town is rushing past it rather swiftly. And the pace noticeably accelerates as you go down the other side of Beacon Hill to School Street and City Hall.

In the Boston of Holmes and Emerson, the level of municipal morality was high. The earlier Bostonians, with the middle-class Englishman's awe of pageantry, had brought some of the gold braid, the crimson, the wigs and batons of Britain to their New World republic. With it they brought a Calvinistic ideal of honesty and integrity in public service.

Coming of the Irish

Into such a decorous, well-to-do, chilly, ornate society were suddenly dumped the roistering, indecorous, emotional, warm, tumultuous, laughing Irish. For, just as Boston reached this nice, ever rising mid-nineteenth-century economic plane, Ireland experienced a potato famine. Nothing would grow. Irishmen sat around in their homespun suits, round hats on heads, and gave way to Irish despond. That was the summer Cunard plastered the Emerald Isle with his steamship posters. The cheapest trip was from Queenstown to Boston. They came in droves.

And, because they had tired of farming even before they left the old sod, they became confirmed city dwellers on this side. For the most part, they arrived without money. Old-school Bostonians were contemptuous of their new neighbors' poor clothes and rough manners. Their Roman Catholicism was unacceptable. Economics soon forced the Irish into the most menial jobs. The men went into ditch digging or jobs in the mills; the women, into household service.

The Irish were a problem from the beginning. The old Bostonians didn't like them and made it clear they didn't. They were crowded into tenements, poorly fed, held in contempt.

The first generation took it stolidly enough. Not so the second. These young folk went to Boston's fine schools, studied the same books as the old Bostonians and under the same tutors, but found that socially they were as segregated as Negroes riding a Jim Crow car. Woe to the young Puritan who became enamoured of some winsome colleen! ("Dear Diary: His mother has found out. They are sending him to Wyoming. I gave him back the pin. But, O, Diary!") How often these young Irish must have murmured, after Shylock: ". . . if you prick us do we not bleed? . . ."

How seriously the Irish took Yankee prattling about equality we can only imagine. But "bigot" became their favorite word. For thirty years they were as oppressed as they had been for seven hundred in their native land. However, in Boston as in Ireland, they persisted and, under the mandate of their church, they multiplied. They learned how to be politically effective. Soon they dominated what is now Ward Three.

> Martin Lomasney's office was in the rear of the Hendrick's Club. You'd walk in and sit down beside his desk. He'd turn around, put his hand on your knee, and ask you what you wanted.
>
> "A job? Well, see Clancy up at the Albany Street yards. Tell him I sent you, and don't worry about that Civil Service. It's just a Bigoted trick to keep us Irish out of work."
>
> And Martin Lomasney would look you in the eye, and you knew he was an honest man.

Soon the Irish branched out. They outnumbered the Puritans. They beat them up in the schoolyards; they chalked the Beacon Hill sidewalks; they swarmed over their candidates at the polls; they bedeviled them in business.

At first, the Irish weren't organized. Then came Curley, James Michael Curley, with a silver voice.

> It was Christmas. I was walking in Jamaica Plain with some friends. We saw a line of poor folks. Children were among them. They had been standing in the cold, shivering, hungry, for hours, waiting their turn for a Salvation Army dinner.
>
> Right there I resolved my people would never stand in line again. We organized the Tammany Club, and it was noted that the Salvation Army never was called upon to feed people in that district again. On Christmas a bell would ring, and before the door could be opened our basket with turkey and everything of the best would be left and the donor out of sight.

King Mike

What a leader!—tall, handsome, with a voice judged by Harvard itself to be one of the three best in the world. His father had been a hod carrier; he had been a grocer's clerk. An indefatigable student, he could quote the Bible and the Bard with the best of them.

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Just before the turn of the century, they sent him to the Common Council. Then he posed as an old Irishman and took a civil-service examination for letter carrier. Uncle Sam found him out, put him in jail for six months. ("Pat couldn't spell Constantinople, but he had wonderful feet for a letter carrier.")

The Irish, with their convictions about the civil service, thought all the more of young Jim. They greeted him at the jail gates with a band, elected him to Congress.

But he didn't particularly like Washington. He preferred his own swift-paced, rollicking Irish gang in Boston. They liked him, too, kept him in the Council. When they were strong enough, they elected him Mayor, and the fun began.

> Jim had a car, longer and blacker than those outside Symphony Hall Friday afternoons. When the President came to town, Jim would don his cutaway, striped trousers and double breasted vest, and make a speech that was a speech. How pallid the Coolidges, Saltonstalls, Cabots and Lowells looked beside him!
>
> Jim kept a drawerful of pictures of himself in his desk. At the bottom of the pile were great big, yard-high pictures, and they diminished in size to regular eight by tens. He'd look you over, decide what you rated and then bestow a picture on you. For extra special friends, he had some gold medals about three inches in diameter with a bas relief of Jim on one side and a list of his public offices on the other. It came in a handsome leather jewel box.
>
> Jim always kept a supply of silver dollars in his desk. When a woman visitor was ready to leave Jim would rise, and say, "Now, madam, there are two things that are the right of woman, good looks and money. You have the beauty, and now here is the money." And Jim would bow and hand her the silver dollar, and she'd go out vowing to vote for Jim forever.

Of such was the Court of King James. There were sycophants, sybarites, and the rag, tag, and bobtail. City Hall had a bit of the carnival air. There were no time clocks; the employees who showed up on time were a rarity. Department heads, for the most part, arrived in their limousines about ten, called around to pay their respects to Jim, got their orders for the day, levied an assessment or two on their departmental workers for another testimonial banquet and limousine for Jim, and about one o'clock waddled off to the Parker House for a three-dollar-and-a-half lunch. Sometimes they got back to their desks in the afternoon, sometimes not. What difference did it make? Jim gave the orders, anyway.

Costs of the city were high, but it was simple to ease up assessments now and then, playing politics with the tax rate; so the only people who squawked were the Puritans who owned the property. It was a nice life and a merry one.

But then came the depression. It annoyed Jim. People started hanging around his office. He liked that at first, but the crowds grew; they even lined up in front of his big mansion out on the Jamaicaway, wanting jobs. They clamored for them. At first he liked that, too. He gave them jobs. When City Hall actually overflowed with workers, he was forced to open the relief floodgates. This hurt, but Jim insisted the relief be generous, exceeding that of any other town.

> Old Coakley had a joke he played on Jim. Some down and outer would beg for a little loan.
>
> "Why, man," Old Coakley would say, "what good would a dollar from me do you? What you need is a good job with the City. Now, why don't you just see Jim? He's the working man's friend. Now, take this dime for carfare and ride out to Jim's house. Be there bright and early in the morning. Just stand by his driveway. You may see some others, because Jim's very good natured the first thing in the morning. He'll fix you up right."

Before long, Jim realized he faced a national issue. So he climbed on Franklin Roosevelt's band wagon, and was swept into the Massachusetts gubernatorial chair in the Democratic landslide. His court — satellites and jesters — moved up Beacon Hill, and all they needed around that colonial State House for the next two years were footlights.

Disaster

But down on School Street things were tawdry. Frederick W. Mansfield, a quiet, conservative gentleman — a sort of Cordell Hull among the Irish — had been elected Mayor, and he conscientiously started to clean up the mess.

He pressed a case against Eddie Dolan, who had been Curley's City Treasurer, to recover two hundred thousand dollars he said Eddie had profited through selling himself, as City Treasurer, bonds which he brokered through himself and J. Walter Quinn, as the Legal Securities Co.

He sued Curley on the charge of having pocketed thirty thousand dollars of a settlement made by the city for damage caused by a water main broken during a subway construction job.

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These things made headlines, and they started people thinking; but Boston still had too many city employees, still had to borrow to meet current costs, still had unjust assessments, mounting tax rates, and ineffective budgets. The full impact of thirty years' helter-skelter government seemed to have hit Boston during the Mansfield administration. Boston neared the nadir of fiscal degradation.

This was reflected in the City Hall building itself. Paint turned a grimy brown; there was darkness, gloom, and filth everywhere. The rich hangings in the Council chambers were so dirty you couldn't touch them without causing a dust storm.

> If you started to walk across the middle of the Council chamber floor, the guard would stop you. The floor was unsafe. When the Council had a big session and the galleries were full, the floor would sway and they'd have to clear the visitors out. On rainy days the roof leaked.

The tax rate, which had been $28 in 1929, swept upward to $38. It was kept from going higher only by the expedient of borrowing about six million dollars a year to meet current expenses. This meant pyramiding interest charges and acceleration of the vicious cycle of spending more than was taken in.

And, while the tax rate was going up, the assessed valuations of the city fell off. Today they have fallen off $422,000,000 — 22 per cent of the total. This means less valuable property is paying higher taxes. If this reduction of valuations had been level, which is to say 22 per cent off each house and building, it would have been one thing; but in vivid fact the abatements were handed out on the basis of expediency squared with politics. Assessments today are in a terrible tangle, and this is probably the greatest single obstacle to effective straightening out of city affairs.

> There is a building, you can see it from the Mayor's window. It is assessed for $526,000 for the building without the lot. You could duplicate it brand new for $250,000. Its annual gross income is $40,000; the annual tax is $37,000. By the time they heat it, run the elevators, etc., it is a big loss. The owner is thinking of letting the taxes slip for four years and handing it to the city. He isn't the first to get that idea.

Mansfield pursued Curley in the courts, finally obtaining a $36,000 judgment in equity against him for "improperly profiting" from the equipment-company settlement. Under much pressure from Mansfield and the press, the district attorney indicted Dolan and his associate, Quinn, but on the eve of their trial the two were summoned before the judge, accused of trying to fix prospective jurors, and sentenced to two and one half years in jail for contempt of court. They are still there.

The old-time attitude of city-hall workers blocked Mansfield's attempts to improve the administration. No less than ten consecutive times did the City Council reject his plea to reorganize the city's engineering functions along more economical lines proposed by a committee from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology faculty.

A member of the Council told the writer at the time that, so far as he had been able to tell, his job consisted in obtaining about one hundred jobs a year for constituents, fixing a couple of hundred traffic tickets, and interceding with the Welfare Department now and then in behalf of his ward.

The depression hit most of the remaining Puritans very hard. There were almost as many big town houses along Commonwealth boarded up or converted into rooming houses as occupied by private families. The city was taking tax titles to property all over the town. Real-estate owners were constantly grumbling. These things were obvious to everybody. Moreover, the second and third generations of the Irish had prospered. They owned almost as much of the city as descendants of the first immigration. There were nearly as many Irish names as Anglican on mailboxes along the water side of Beacon Street. Pranks of politicians aren't so funny when they cost you money.

Tobin Tries Hard

Boston was ripe for reform, and presently Maurice J. Tobin threw his hat in the mayoralty ring. A youthful St. George eager to slay that old dragon, graft, Tobin was a Roxbury boy, clean and bright, who had worked up the hard way, from selling papers on the street to a junior-executive post with the telephone company at the age of thirty-five. Curley was his chief opponent, but against the background of questions raised by Mansfield and against the bizarre performance in the State House and against a Boston actually hungering for real tax relief, his silver tones fell flat. Tobin snowed him under.

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Boston settled back expecting a sudden improvement. Two years have passed. Boston is still waiting.

The WPA has painted up City Hall and installed a nice shower bath for the Mayor. The Council chamber floor has been reinforced. A few reductions in expenditures have been made — nothing startling. The tax rate still soars at about the same point as formerly; so does borrowing. The position of real estate is not improved. The other day, a big downtown bank building, assessed at $990,000 brought only $265,000 at auction. Nobody wanted to pay taxes on it.

A perhaps not too untypical example of what Boston still faces was turned up at a recent hearing of the City Council's Committee on Appropriations.

A question was raised about a $1,250 item in the budget requests of the City Messenger, a worthy who, according to the City Record, is supposed to attend the Council sessions, do the Council's bookkeeping, pass out official documents, and take care of the city's flags and flagstaffs.

This $1,250 in question, he said, was for raising flags.

"We have nineteen flagstaffs," explained Messenger Edward J. Leary, "and the flags have to be raised on fourteen holidays every year. We have a private contractor do the work, and he charges us five dollars a flag per day."

"Wouldn't it be cheaper," inquired a Council member, "to have employees of the Public Works Department or the Park Department, who are scattered about the city anyway, do this work?"

"Well, the men who do it have to get up at six in the morning," responded the Messenger.

Further examination produced the fact that the Messenger has helping him with his duties an Assistant City Messenger and an Assistant to the Assistant City Messenger. The Council, in addition, employs a document man to relieve the Messenger of that onerous duty. Since the flags and documents are taken care of, this leaves three men to attend Council sessions and superintend Council bookkeeping.

You might expect a reaction against Tobin or, at least, public regret at having catapulted a telephone traffic clerk into a twenty-thousand-a-year job where he administers a corporation spending $75,000,000 yearly. But this has not been the predominant reaction. It has gradually been seeping through to those alert enough to think about such things that Boston is really in a serious plight beyond the help of any one man.

Tobin, they feel, is trying and has a much deeper sense of responsibility than most past Boston officials have had. In addition, he is the undoubted leader of the younger Irish now in the political ascendancy. The City Council, since last election, is largely composed of Irishmen in their twenties and thirties. There is hope that these younger men will grasp the opportunities before them.

Hard Work Needed

However, they must realize that Boston doesn't need surface palliatives. She needs fundamental correctives.

Take the question of the Council membership itself. Last year a responsible segment of the Irish, assisted heartily by the League of Women Voters, campaigned to elect the Council by proportional representation, as does New York. It was reasoned that the Irish would retain control but not the 90-per-cent domination now enjoyed. However, induction of minorities would strengthen the Council and unify the city. This is sound reasoning and would have been of incalculable value in a city where non-Irish are sans political hope. This enlightened view failed to gain necessary support.

Take the budget question. Boston has a budget, but, instead of being effective for the full year, it seldom gets prepared, passed, and put into operation until four to six months of the year have elapsed. This, of course, completely nullifies the central idea of a budget. Moreover, the Boston budget, as a document, is far from being the streamlined, closely controlled affair considered the ideal for government as well as business units today. It is loosely compiled, listing some 1,500 items together with generalizations about payrolls. As a budget, it's a joke. Boston can't expect to get very far with her municipal housecleaning until she has a real budget.

Take assessments. Real estate in the city is variously estimated to be overassessed from three hundred to four hundred million dollars out of a total valuation of a billion and

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a half. Every year the Detroit Bureau of Municipal Research conducts a survey of the nation's principal cities, comparing services, taxes, and the like. Through a formula of its own — generally approved by students of government — it adjusts the ratio of assessments to taxes in all the cities. On the basis of what a home or building owner actually pays the city, Boston property owners have consistently led the Detroit comparison in recent years. This basis of assessments is tricky and tends to confuse some property owners. For example, on the record — which is to say actual published tax rates — Chicago rates highest, at $87.30. But Chicago property owners pay that tax rate on what is just about the actual sale value of their holdings, whereas Boston taxpayers pay $39.90 per $1,000 of assessed valuation, and the assessed value is much higher than they could actually get on a sale. On that basis, the Detroit Bureau finds Boston has the highest tax.

Tobin has been advised against too precipitous action in straightening out assessments, lest a sudden downward revision leave many lending agencies out on the embarrassing limb of having loaned more than properties are worth. So he began a program of gradually reducing valuations. This has not satisfied a large number of taxpayers, who have gone to the State Tax Appellate Board and filed abatement petitions.

Since 80 per cent of these petitions have been allowed, there is realization in some quarters now that something must be done to accelerate the adjustments. There is talk of having the city completely reassessed by a qualified expert. This would be the best thing to do. Until it is, the real-estate picture is not likely to become more attractive. But, if Boston follows her usual compromise system, she will make a start — and never finish the job. There are a million dollars' worth of assessment cards, made out by various WPA projects, buried away in a vault at the Army Base Pier now.

In addition to these major changes, there is needed a reorganization of all the city departments, consolidated and centralized after the fashion of most city and State governments. The mayor must be given more control, at least financially, over schools and police. Both are pretty much outside his jurisdiction now and spend enough to throw any real economy program awry if they don't co-operate.

These, obviously, are changes other cities have found it easy to make, once their citizenry was aroused to the point of demanding improvements. That Bostonians continue supine is certainly the most serious aspect of the dilemma engulfing the city.

There actually seemed to be some genuine indignation recently when John F. Dowd, a former member of the City Council who got himself elected to the lush Suffolk County Sheriff's job, ran riot at the courthouse, levying tribute on workers, playing favorites at the jail, and finally vanishing from town with a lot of financial questions unanswered.

A few years ago, many Bostonians would have laughed at Dowd's antics. Today some of them are going so far as to say that the police should go out and track Johnny down and that the district attorney should put him behind bars.

The actual mechanics of a streamlined governmental setup for Boston have been pretty much worked out by the Municipal Research Bureau, of which A. Lawrence Lowell, Harvard's President Emeritus, is Chairman. The Chamber of Commerce has a civic bureau which likewise has suggested changes. The League of Women Voters is more active. A new Taxpayers' Alliance has been formed.

There are signs that affairs may be better. Boston is the business capital of New England, and New England industrial indices are running well above upswinging national figures. The port, long somnolent, is now clearing goods for Britain and France, and a campaign to boost Latin-American shipping is under way.

If old quarrels could be forgotten — buried with those who enjoyed them — and if races and creeds could be put in the background while everybody worked to get taxes down where they belong and where people could pay them, Boston today would not need to dream of olden glories; she would experience new ones.

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Keep Your Head, America

by **WILLIAM J. DONOVAN**

Wartime Commander of the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth" Infantry

WHILE IN WARTIME Berlin recently, a friend of mine, an American businessman, talked with General Goering.

"What is the attitude of Americans toward the war?" asked Germany's second in command.

My friend told him that 80 per cent of Americans favored England and France.

"You're wrong!" General Goering corrected him. "It's eighty-four per cent."

As even General Goering knew, the great body of Americans wants England and France to win the present European war.

But there is a vast difference between sympathy with the Allies and a willingness to join with them in fighting Germany. Most Americans hate Naziism. But they do not now feel that Nazi Germany constitutes a sufficient threat to vital American interests to justify intervention.

This almost unanimous agreement in favor of nonintervention is based on the popular conviction, only slightly shaken by Finland's defeat, that England and France are sure to win.

But the experts do not share that feeling of optimism. At present, the most they can say for the Allies is that they have a fifty-fifty chance of staggering victorious out of a protracted war on all fronts.

This fact has grave implications for American neutrality. For, if the tide of battle turns decisively in Germany's favor and we are bombarded from abroad with propaganda to the effect that the British and the French are fighting our battle for us with their backs against the wall — how then will sentiment in the United States stack up for and against our entrance into the war?

Before the tumult and the shouting begin, we Americans with no sentimental or ideological axes to grind still have time to consider the issue of neutrality as against intervention in the light of national self-interest. Already, by placing our great industrial machinery and resources at the disposal of the Allies, we have shown our willingness to help them by every means short of actual fighting forces. The question for the future, then, boils down to this:

From the viewpoint of national self-interest, tempered by humanitarianism, can America afford to let Nazi Germany defeat democratic England and France?

The time to answer this question is now, while heads are clear, while emotions are still in check, and while our minds are not subject to the urgency and pressure from abroad that is bound to come.

Every American must answer this question for himself. The most that can be contributed now toward a wise decision is dispassionate discussion of the likely consequences to us of getting into the war — and of staying out of it.

WE CAN STAY OUT

THE FIRST POINT that ought to be cleared up is whether or not the choice is ours to make. A term very often heard when people discuss our possible participation in the war is that eventually, we may be "dragged into" it. The implication is that, whether we will or no, circumstances beyond our national control will force us into the fighting. What the circumstances are, few even attempt to say. The attitude which gives rise to the feeling that we'll be "dragged in" is of that school of shrug-shoulder fatalism which serves as a substitute for thinking.

Actually, this nation long ago outgrew the stage at which we could be "dragged into" anything. It is foolish, for example, to say that we were dragged into the World War. We entered that war because a majority of us were

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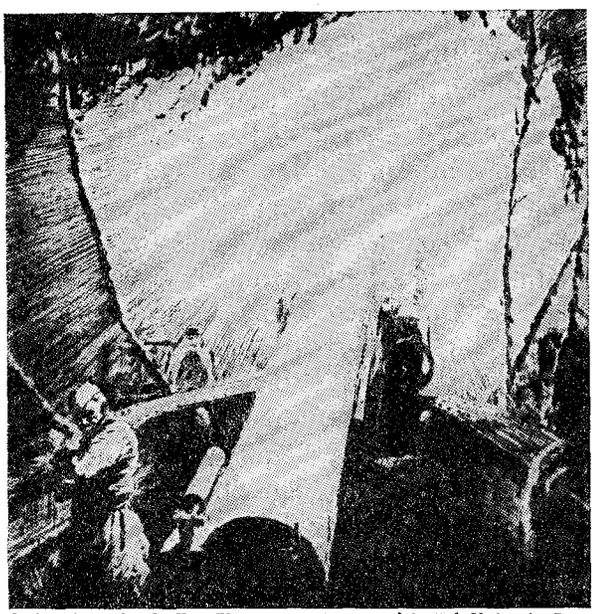
convinced that it was our duty to fight. If we and our government hadn't wanted to enter the war, we could have stayed out of it. After all, neither England nor France nor Germany was in a position to come over and drag us in. Had we wanted to stay out, we could have done exactly what we did a few months ago — withdrawn our shipping from the combatant zones and prohibited our citizens from traveling on belligerent vessels.

No — we wanted to fight that war. We were honestly fighting to make the world a better place in which to live.

But the whole history of Europe since the war has demonstrated that a peace based on and administered with passion and hatred can only promote further war. Like the other participants in the bitter struggle, we were not, at its close, in a position to insist on an impartial peace — nor should we again be in such a position, as a participant in this war. As a neutral, however, and as the strongest nation on earth, we might well be able to assert our leadership in insisting on a just and reasonable peace.



Etching from War, *by Kerr Eby* *Courtesy of the Yale University Press*

Historic Gains from U. S. Neutrality

The sympathy of Americans goes out naturally to France and Great Britain in their struggle against a power whose proclaimed policy is to destroy individual freedom everywhere. But, in considering the question of armed intervention, we do Britain and France no injustice in remembering that their own bungling following the last war was largely responsible for the dangerous position in which they find themselves now. Essentially, they are fighting not for democracy but for survival as great powers. No one believes, however, that a victorious Germany could literally wipe out England and France — any more than those powers were able, after the last war, to hold Germany and her allies in subjection.

As to the present "crusade" for democracy, Great Britain is fighting against the very force in Germany which she was once glad to tolerate and even to encourage, as an instrumentality for securing her ever vital policy of European "balance of power."

A glance at our own history reveals that the policy of neutrality has been at least as important to the United States as the "balance of power" to the British Empire.

It was the conflict between France and England that enabled the colonies to free themselves from England. The bulk of our gains in population (from 3,000,000 to 130,000,000 in 164 years) have been made up largely of persons seeking refuge from Europe's endless war-making. Similarly, our territorial gains and the domination of the Western Hemisphere, as outlined in the Monroe Doctrine, were possible to us because wars in Europe freed us from European interference.

The stronger a nation, the more self-sustaining, and the further removed physically from the scene of war, the greater is its freedom of will in maintaining her neutrality. The United States is the one nation on earth which enjoys complete freedom to remain neutral with impunity. We are completely independent of the outside world, except for a few raw materials. It has been estimated that we could store up a sufficiency for less than the cost of a battleship. Our ocean barriers still make us impregnable to attack, despite all progress in aviation. The strength of the United States, in terms both of actual fighting forces and of wealth and industrial power to back them up, is the greatest the world has ever known.

As to the immediate threat to us of a victorious Germany — it should be borne in mind that modern wars exhaust almost equally victor and vanquished. Against a well-prepared and alert defense by us, experts say that, even with the destruction of the British navy by Germany, neither Hitler nor any conceivable

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combination of powers could successfully land an army in either North or South America.

Given an army and a navy adequate to our needs, there is no reason why Americans for a long time to come cannot direct their energies to the pressing economic and political problems within this nation itself.

Our Economic Stake in Europe

Our business interest is another important, though not decisive, consideration which should be taken into account by Americans making up their minds on the question of neutrality vs. intervention. Our corporate stake in the nineteen principal European countries, as of 1936, was $1,250,000,000, of which the bulk was invested in England, Germany, and France. No later figures are available, but the total is probably still in the neighborhood of a billion. How United States intervention in the war would change the status of these investments, some of which may suffer from high war taxes, is still an open question; though it is certain that the money value involved is not great enough to affect our choice of a war policy.

In the matter of foreign trade, the month-to-month statistics on United States exports to all countries since the war began show that we stand to profit not only from sales of war materials to the belligerents but from increased business with other neutrals whom our erstwhile European competitors are no longer able to supply.

Total American exports in the last five months of 1939 were $1,647,000,000 — or about $92,000,000 more than for the corresponding five months of 1938. It is noteworthy that larger relative gains were recorded in shipments to Canada and Latin America than to Europe or Asia. Exports to Canada rose by 44 per cent; to Latin America by 42 per cent; to Asia by 26 per cent; to Europe by only 11 per cent.

Cost to Us of Another War

But our foreign trade, in Europe and elsewhere, amounts to only about 10 per cent of our national income. The war debts owing to us from the last war total $13,000,000,000 — a total loss amounting to over four times our present dollar stake in Europe.

Estimates of the total cost of our eighteen-month participation in the last war range from $37,000,000,000 to $100,000,000,000 — the latter more than we had spent during the previous hundred years of our existence.

We entered the last war with practically no national debt. We emerged from it with a debt of $25,000,000,000. Today, largely because of economic factors directly attributable to the war, we have a national debt of $45,000,000,000.

But if, despite this tremendous handicap, we should enter the present European war, what would it be likely to cost us?

The National Economy League has estimated that one year of United States participation in the war would come to thirty billions. Commenting recently on that estimate before the American Academy of Political Science, General Hugh S. Johnson, Chief of the United States Purchase and Supply Bureau and a member of the War Industries Board during the last war, declared that "if we enter a protracted war, it is sure to cost us that much each year."

General Johnson commented: "A few years of our engagement in a major, modern war at thirty billions a year could simply wipe out the capitalist and profits system in the United States." There is every likelihood that it would.

But I have mentioned only one of the costs of our participation in another European war. Human lives are also to be considered — and not only from the Christian or humanitarian point of view. As our birth rate diminishes, with immigration shut off for almost a generation, we are fast becoming a nation of old people. By 1970, experts estimate that our population will have become static — and after that, if present trends continue, we shall become a dying nation.

The effects are already noticeable and demand more attention than they are getting from those in charge of our military preparedness. The age group below twenty has declined from about half our population in 1850 to, roughly, a third at the present time. Sixty years from now, Americans over fifty will outnumber those between twenty-two and fifty. Serious consideration ought to be given to the advisability of raising the draft age limit from forty-five to sixty.

In the last war we suffered almost half a million casualties, of which 135,000 were deaths. All indications are that the destruction of life will be far greater if the present war

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becomes general. From the standpoint of national survival, we simply cannot afford to speed up the aging processes already at work in this nation with the sacrifice of thousands of young men in another overseas war.

There are other ways in which war would weaken the fiber of the nation. With all the wealth and energies of the country mobilized for destruction, medical care of the civilian population declines; war diets weaken the resistance of the population to diseases. At least one major epidemic is to be expected in every war period. Education is crippled by lack of funds, lack of interest, lack of personnel; moral and religious standards crack under the strain of mass war hysteria; free speech, free press, free assembly are "forbidden thoughts," and truth is what a dictator government finds it expedient for us to believe. Secret police are everywhere, and men hesitate to speak their minds, even within their own homes.

If, at the end of a war, we could return to normal conditions — or even to conditions no worse than those following the last war — it is possible, though not necessarily probable, that we could return after a time to what we know now as the "American system." But the moral and economic wreckage which will inevitably follow our intervention in a major world war would without any question prolong, perhaps perpetuate, a dictatorship but little changed from the iron military rule under which even democracies must carry on a major war. In this dictatorship, private property would be a thing of the past, and government would play much the same role here as in Russia and Germany today.

What Are America's Vital Interests?

There is a way of staying out of this war and of benefiting both ourselves and the world while doing so. The means are simple. They consist of military preparedness, guided by a definite policy on the part of an administration whose eyes and heart are focused clearly on this country and this hemisphere, rather than on Europe.

America's vital interests lie in the Western Hemisphere. On this side of the world, she is pre-eminent. In hard-headed self-interest, she is interested in the European conflict and its settlement only in terms of how it will affect this hemisphere.

Fortunately, this time we have an adequate navy, which we are in process of strengthening. Though our land forces have lagged, they are now being built up to strengths in proportion to possible needs. Through our armed forces — primarily, of course, through the navy — we are in a position to say: "Come what may in Europe, this hemisphere is and will continue to be free of any encroachment from the outside, from either Europe on the one side or Asia on the other."

Preparedness, so applied, can give us a position of such strength that there need be no fear of our being "dragged" into this European war — or the next or the one after that.

I do not believe that the United States should isolate herself from the world. But I do believe in the policy by which the United States would undertake in her own interest to isolate the European war from this hemisphere.

When fire starts in a crowded city, the first precaution taken by the fire-fighting forces is to isolate the conflagration. It is better to let one building burn down to the ground than to allow the flames to spread beyond control. Our navy — and, behind the navy, the land forces which back it up — is our means of keeping the flames of war from spreading over either ocean to our shores.

It is Europe's job to quench the conflagration which Europe herself has started. It is our job to see that the flames do not spread in our direction. I cannot imagine a more foolish state of mind for our government or any of its citizens than the thought of putting out Europe's fire by jumping into the middle of it.

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I'm a New Woman

by **ENID GRIFFIS**

TEN YEARS AGO, if any friend of mine had told me the day would come when I should pay good money to strangers for the purpose of having my personality reconditioned (and had added the prediction that I should not only pay good money but actually get my money's worth), I should have told the prophetess she was crazy. Yet that is precisely what has happened — and no one is more surprised than I at the amazing results.

A day arrived, along about my middle thirties, when I found myself up against a blank wall, with no reason to believe that there was anything worth going after on the other side. I had set out originally on a writing career and was making fair headway when the blows began to fall — professional setbacks, illness, poverty — that finally landed me at what looked perilously like a dead end.

I was working at a part-time secretarial job, which paid me a bare living, and was feeling completely frustrated and almost hopeless, when a friend who knew something of my state of mind told me about Alice Rice Cook and the Individual Plan. The Plan, she explained, was a service which undertook to help solve personal problems by expert diagnosis of personality ills, treatment for their cure, plus expert vocational guidance; and Miss Cook was the originator and head of the service. I listened politely but with cold cynicism. I had my own very clear-cut opinion concerning so-called personality schools. To me they were all rackets.

But as the weeks passed I found myself thinking more and more about Miss Cook and her plan. I even went so far as to collect a little data concerning her. I learned that she had graduated from Smith College with a bachelor-of-arts degree and from Radcliffe with her master's; that she had been Dean of Briarcliff College at one time; and that she was at present engaged in research in the field of adult education and was a staff member of the Personal Appraisal Service at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Finally, feeling very sheepish about the whole business, I broke down and called on Miss Cook. I liked her at once. She had dignity without stiffness, warmth and friendliness without effusiveness, and a sincerity that could not be doubted. When I explained that I was not a client but that I was interested in the Individual Plan and should like to know how it had originated and how it functioned, she very obligingly told me the whole story.

BEGINNINGS OF THE PLAN

IT SEEMS THAT in 1931, as dean of a junior college for girls, Miss Cook had come in almost daily contact with young college women seeking positions. It was then she realized that many of these young women were failing to get where they wanted to go, not because of lack of education, training, or even intelligence but because the impression they created was definitely substandard. Sometimes it was a grating voice that marred the effect. Sometimes it was an abrupt manner, a hostile attitude, an unpleasant facial expression, or bad posture. And sometimes it was just plain dowdiness. Every time she had to turn away one of these young hopefuls, she thought: "Something ought to be done about this. There ought to be some place where these people could go and find out what's the matter with them and then get some really constructive advice on what to do about it."

But there wasn't any such place. Miss Cook made it her business to ascertain that fact. There were "charm" schools, fashion schools, personality schools, and public-speaking courses — all offering, by their own particular methods, to transform failure into success, in ten easy lessons. But there was no place which even attempted an honest appraisal of the in-

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dividual as an entity and endeavored to correct the faults which were jamming the physical, mental, or emotional machinery.

Miss Cook determined to find some way in which cool analysis and constructive criticism could be brought to bear fruit in an eminently practical way in the lives of human beings. She believed that the first step necessary was to provide the individual with a many-sided picture of himself as others see him. For without self-knowledge or self-evaluation, she argued, there could be no self-improvement.

Proceeding on this basis, she set up an experimental service in the Guidance Laboratory of Teachers College, at Columbia (where she was working for her Ph.D. in psychology), to see if she was on the right track. The work done there proved that not only could personality defects be accurately diagnosed but that in 50 per cent of the cases those defects could, with the intelligent co-operation of the client, be successfully remedied.

Interviews with employment agencies and personnel workers in business and professional fields revealed that there was a real need for this kind of service outside the university walls. And, after much painstaking searching, Miss Cook gathered to her standard thirty men and women consultants, each a well-rounded, sympathetic human being and each an expert in a particular field — speech, fashion, grooming, occupational adjustment, social adjustment, education, medicine, psychology, and even psychiatry.

This is how the service functions: The client "sits" for his picture by visiting as many of the experts as his individual case requires. The resulting "negatives" are sent to Miss Cook, together with the constructive suggestions of the consultants. Miss Cook, in turn, presents the complete picture to the client, together with a carefully worked-out plan designed to help solve his problem. As in other professional fields, the fee varies according to the length and number of consultations required as well as the means of the client. The average consultation runs to about five dollars.

Finally, in desperation and in spite of my skepticism, I decided to give the service a try.

Through the Mill

If you still remember your first visit to the dentist or the doctor, you will have some idea of how I felt as I waited to see Miss Cook on the occasion of the initial conference. But her professional yet kindly approach to my whole problem did much to allay my mental and emotional discomfort. She asked me all about my early life, my home and family background, my present living conditions, my education (including occupational training), occupational history, personal relationships, interests and ambitions. And, while I was busy furnishing the required information, she was busy giving me the well-known once-over.

Before I left her office, she gave me the names and telephone numbers of the six consultants she wished me to visit and handed me three Appraisal Inventory blanks which covered in detail such matters as appearance, speech, manner, attitudes and interests. One of these I was to fill out myself. The other two were to be given to friends who were to fill them in and mail them direct to Miss Cook.

The first expert to whom I went was the speech consultant, a charming woman who for years has been engaged in this field in the academic and professional worlds. Miss B began by asking me questions about myself, listening to my replies with her eyes covered or her face averted, in order that her impression of my voice might be uncolored by facial expressions, gestures, or other irrelevant factors. She then had me read to her, testing me for variety and range of tone and expression.

Between the various tests she conversed with me, thus obliging me to talk a good deal and enabling her to get an adequate impression of the quality of my voice, its pitch, inflection, volume, emphasis, tempo, and enunciation. She also made notes on my pronunciation, grammar, and conversational ability and advised me to become acquainted with the sound of my own voice by having a phonograph record made.

On the whole, I passed fairly well in voice and speech, my chief liability turning out to be a lack of tonal variety and a tendency toward monotony. This Miss B attributed to physical fatigue and nervous tension, and she proceeded to give me several exercises designed to relax the body generally and the neck and throat in particular.

Since I had stated to Miss Cook that my chief interest was in writing, one of the consultants to whom I was sent was a writer. The

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interview with this man (Miss Cook tries to make a practice of having women clients appraised by at least one male consultant and vice versa) stands out in my mind with particular vividness, for I dreaded it more than any other consultation, with the possible exception of that with the appearance expert. But I shall never forget his kindness and understanding. The consultation lasted approximately an hour, in the course of which we discussed a great variety of subjects — but always with the emphasis on writing. At no time had I any sense of being appraised, yet the report which that man sent to Miss Cook showed a thorough grasp of my problem and did more for my morale and self-confidence than anything had for a long time.

He gave it as his opinion that I had definite writing ability and should plan to continue my work in that field. The sudden collapse of my efforts he attributed to the decline of my health. He advised that for a time my first concern should be the building up of my strength and energy and predicted that, once this was accomplished, the writing would take care of itself. When I read that report, I could have cried with sheer relief and joy for I felt that it expressed the sincere and honest opinion of one who *knew*.

Next came a consultant who gives a kind of

combination test for general impression and social acceptability. When I entered her attractive apartment on the upper East Side of New York, I found the table set for tea and another guest present. I passed the social-acceptability end of the test without difficulty, but apparently my "general impression" was pretty bad. I discovered from subsequent reports that I fidgeted, exposed my legs unduly, and had no "shine" except on my nose! Pretty damning — but all true and part of the picture I was trying to get.

The prospect of the appearance test brought out a cold perspiration. Miss S was associated with a famous fashion school, and I envisioned an extremely smart, brisk, and highly critical young woman who would look at me through the piercing eyes of *Vogue* and consequently have some pretty searing things to say. Imagine my relief, then, to find a charming, well-bred young woman, very becomingly dressed but not paralyzingly smart, who praised as much as she criticized and who criticized in such a way that, like a dull pupil in the hands of an understanding teacher, I decided to do better by myself in future. She examined me from every angle — front, side and rear, in repose and in action. She examined my pocketbook, my gloves, my jewelry and other accessories, with minute attention; appraised my hat and shoes; analyzed the line and color of my clothes, noted the color of my lipstick and the tone of my face powder. She studied the line of my hair, the shape of my face and hands, even the arch of my eyebrows. When I received her report I felt that if ever again I appeared poorly groomed, I should have no one to blame but myself, for her suggestions covered everything, from the treatment and styling of my hair and the care of my fingernails to the choosing of a smart and inexpensive wardrobe in the colors, lines, and fabrics best suited to my build, features, and complexion.

The posture consultant, too, I found to be a grand person — young, with a delightful sense of humor and a figure and bearing to envy. She began by asking me to state my problem. I said I was inclined to slump; that it was hard for me to sit still or to relax; and that I was too fat. She asked me where I thought I was too fat, and I said all over.

She was very polite, but, even before she ordered me to strip to the ultimate undie and

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parade for inspection, I knew she agreed with me. After one glance, she told me I ought to lose at least twenty pounds (I weighed about 170 at the time) but that I should take several months to do so and should be under the supervision of my physician. As to posture, she found that I carried my head and neck too far forward and my shoulders too far back, thus throwing my whole figure out of line. She showed me how to correct this fault and how to walk with more grace. Before I left, she presented me with a copy of *Overweight and Underweight*, a publication of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which she had helped prepare, and gave me a valuable exercise for overcoming my tendency to fidget.

The last of the consultants was the vocational director of a large public institution. It is her duty to subject clients to what is known as the "battery" — a series of tests designed to obtain the measure of one's mental ability, vocational interests, artistic ability, general health, and social and emotional adjustment. The whole thing takes about six hours and is well named. The best news that came from this series for me was that I had an exceptionally good vocabulary and considerable artistic ability; the worst was that my emotional and health adjustments were unsatisfactory.

My New Self

When I finally received my completed "picture," together with the suggestions from the various consultants for making myself over, I had a moment of complete discouragement. "I can't do all these things," I reflected, "and, even if I did, it wouldn't make any real difference in my situation." But I had paid my money and taken a silent vow to give the Plan a chance. Besides, there were things in that report that were a challenge to any woman's vanity.

I began, doggedly at first, to carry out instructions. I gave my neglected skin the attention it required. I began manicuring my nails. I watched *Underweight and Overweight* until I could tell at a distance of a hundred yards exactly how many calories lurked in any given collation and I began to count the calories in my daily diet. I let my hair grow and gave it more attention. I went to my doctor and had a thorough overhauling. I stopped fussing about my writing (this was the hardest thing of all) and, instead of spending futile hours stewing over my typewriter, spent more time with my friends. I walked more, relaxed more, read more, and listened to more good music. When I needed new clothes, I chose them carefully, in accordance with the advice given me by the appearance expert.

A couple of months after I had begun on my course, Miss Cook telephoned me to say she had heard of a woman who wanted a writing job done. It was a straight assignment and would pay a fee of three hundred dollars. Miss Cook was sure I could handle it. Would I like to meet the woman and talk it over?

I left the telephone trembling with excitement and with joy in my heart. But there was fear, too. The memory of my writing failures rose to haunt me. But I bolstered up my morale with a particularly careful toilet, put on my most becoming outfit, and sallied forth. I got the job, did it to the complete satisfaction of those concerned, received my money — and started life all over again. That was a little less than two years ago.

Today when friends and acquaintances who knew me in the dark days look at me and exclaim: "Well, you're certainly a new woman!" I'm inclined to agree with them. I've lost thirty pounds and at the same time improved my

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health. I've learned how to dress economically and becomingly. I've learned how to care for my skin, how to dress my hair, and how to make the most of my good points (many of which I had never before known about). But, best of all, I am writing again — and selling. I have a part-time job that pays my running expenses and allows me time to do my own work without undue strain on my energies and I'm having a better time in every way than I've had in years.

New Lives for Old

If I were the only person who, to my knowledge, had received real help from the Individual Plan, I probably shouldn't be writing this article. But I'm far from that. I have seen Miss Cook's files, perused the case histories, and read the letters from grateful clients.

There is Mr. R, for example, a man in his middle thirties, well-groomed, socially acceptable, and financially well-to-do but a complete failure in the company of women. A "date" arranged for him with one of the attractive young consultants showed exactly what the trouble was. When Mr. R had sent flowers, called in a taxi, escorted his companion to a good restaurant, and ordered an excellent dinner, he considered his contribution to the success of the evening complete and from then on sat like a bump on a log, expecting his companion to carry the conversation and do the entertaining. When confronted with this indictment, he blamed it on shyness. Now shyness, according to the Individual Plan, is nine tenths selfishness — that is, failure to consider the other person's feelings rather than one's own. In the light of this revelation, Mr. R took himself in hand and reformed, successfully.

Totally different was the case of Mrs. S, who was slowly but surely losing the love and respect of her husband and children. A pampered Southern belle in her youth, she had married at an early age and moved North with her husband. Eighteen years later, with a daughter sixteen and a son twelve, she still regarded herself as a young girl, entitled to the adulation and indulgence of her youth. Fortunately she had a good deal of latent intelligence and good sense and, when she was presented with a picture of herself as she appeared to others, she right-about-faced and began to act her age. Today she can proudly announce that she has regained her family's regard as well as her own self-respect and happiness.

Dr. J was a man in his early forties, brilliant, completely absorbed in his work. But ill-fitting clothes, rumpled shirts, white socks, and other sartorial sins rendered him almost a caricature of what he should have been. Dr. J, however, was above such superficial matters. He believed that, if a man "knew his stuff," appearance didn't matter. But he couldn't help noticing, as time passed, that his career wasn't blossoming as he had every right to expect it would. He was baffled and discouraged. A chance remark of a colleague started Dr. J thinking and sent him to Miss Cook. The transformation in his appearance which was effected with his, at first, rather grudging cooperation removed the only obstacle in his path to success. Today he stands among the top ten in his field, and letters from him and his grateful wife indicate where they concede the credit lies.

Miss A, despite beauty, intelligence, and an unusually good education, could not find a job. An analysis of her case revealed that her primary difficulty was one of attitude, namely the I-have-a-college-degree-youth-and-good-looks-and-therefore-am-entitled-to-a-job outlook. Much more concerned with what she was going to get out of a job than of what she planned to put into it, she simply could not impress a potential employer with her quality as a worker. When the error of her approach was pointed out to her, her difficulty resolved itself. She now holds a responsible position, where she has made herself highly useful and, therefore, secure.

Bob S, too, had a job problem but one quite different from Miss A's. Bob could always get a job, but he didn't seem able to keep one. His own statement of his problem was that, while he always started out well, he seemed to "go to pieces" as soon as he encountered a snag in his work. Analysis showed that his trouble was purely psychological. Dominated from childhood by a too devoted and possessive mother, he had come, subconsciously, to depend entirely on that relationship. When this was made clear to him, he took drastic and courageous action. He packed up quietly one night, put a few dollars in his pocket, and left home, leaving only a brief note

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to say that he wanted to try his luck "on his own" for a while and would write from time to time to let his mother know that he was well. Hitchhiking and doing odd jobs along the route, he went to Florida, found a job as dishwasher in a resort hotel. It was hard, uncongenial work, but he stuck it out. He was promoted, after a short time, to a bus boy's job. Here he came to the attention of the manager and presently had a chance to fill in for an ailing night clerk. He finished out the season in that capacity, came back north, secured a similar job at a summer hotel in New Jersey, and that winter returned to a better job in the Florida establishment. At last report he was assistant manager of a good hotel, doing excellent work, happy in his independence and the sense of success won through his own efforts.

Those Who Helped Themselves

Case histories of upwards of one thousand clients, gathered in the six years of the Individual Plan's existence, prove that this objective appraisal service actually works — provided the client will accept the verdict and follow the constructive advice given him. There are those, of course, who, merely presenting themselves for appraisal and paying the consultation fee, expect by some mysterious magic and without any effort on their part to be transformed in the twinkling of an eye. And there are those others who simply can't "take it." These, naturally, fail.

Proof of the soundness and educational value of Miss Cook's Individual Plan is forthcoming in the recognition it has received from many prominent institutions of learning. In addition to her work as staff member of the Personal Appraisal Service at Teachers College, as Director of the Self-Evaluation Laboratory in the Division of General Education at New York University, and as Director of the Graduate Center in New York, Miss Cook has, on invitation within the past year, visited twelve leading colleges in different parts of the United States where her services have been sought in consultations lasting anywhere from two days to a month. She gives a course in Personality Assets, and conducts individual conferences at the Ballard School, Central Branch of the Y.W.C.A. in New York; has set up and is in charge of a Self-Appraisal Course and Personal Adequacy Seminar at the Brooklyn Y.W.C.A.; and, in addition, in the past year and a half has delivered some sixty lectures before various social and educational groups.

Little wonder that Miss Cook sees as the greatest need in her field today the organization of a group in training to carry on in this important department of adult education. That it is a department destined to assume increasing importance as time goes on Miss Cook has no doubt. In fact she looks forward to the day when the regular personality adequacy checkup will be as much a part of the intelligent individual's routine as regular medical and dental care are today. And, in my humble and grateful opinion, that time can't come too soon.

To be published soon:

'Work Is Where You Make It,'

by William A. McGarry

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What I Believe

by **J. B. PRIESTLEY**

PICKING UP a volume of Ruskin, the other day at a friend's house, I was startled by the opening of its preface, which began: "Being now fifty-one years old, and little likely to change my mind hereafter on any important subject of thought (unless through weakness of age), I wish to publish. . . ."

I was startled, because in a very few years I shall be fifty-one, and it has never occurred to me that now I have made up my mind about everything of importance. On the contrary, I find myself moving rather swiftly in a kind of mid-channel of opinion. In my middle forties I find myself returning almost to the mood of eager inquiry that I remember from my early twenties.

Thus, at this present moment, in the middle of war and with the prospect of ruin just round the corner, I am still trying in my amateurish fashion to discover a satisfactory solution to what seem to me the two main problems of this life: the problem of Time, and the problem of the nature of the Self. I have been reading and thinking as hard as it is possible for a worried, busy man to do in wartime but I do not pretend to have made much of an advance from the position I was in when I finished writing *Rain Upon Godshill,* to which I must refer the curious reader.

These are, of course, riddles of the Sphinx; and unfortunately, while they remain unsolved, I cannot in all honesty even pretend that my "credo" has sharp, fixed outlines. But I have certain convictions that I am not likely to lose, even during a world upheaval.

For example, I am absolutely convinced that, whatever man is, he is not merely the stupid animal, homeless and lost in a universe that is nothing but a vast, idiotic machine, that so many of our contemporaries imagine him to be. (It is the despair created by this barren outlook that is at the root of much of our present trouble.) There is in the universe a moral order, though it may be of a scope beyond our present conception. Man's highest aspirations, the dream of paradise that seems always to have haunted him, the sudden revelations of glory known to prophets and poets — these are not part of some pitiful illusion. The flashes of ecstasy most of us have experienced are glimpses of a fundamental reality. They are not self-deception but a sudden lifting of the veil of animal habit and custom. In the same way, the arts are not bits of luxury, almond icing on the cake of sensible existence — which is what stupid people imagine them to be — but revelations of reality. Even the world the ordinary man enjoys, when he does enjoy it, is largely a legacy from thinkers and artists of the past.

II

I AM NOT A MYSTIC, chiefly because I lack both the discipline and the sensitiveness that mysticism demands, but I believe the mystic is right when he tells us that what is real is not the outward show of things but the so-called "inner" (it probably should be "outer") world of feeling, imagination, and will. Much of our unhappy stumbling comes from the fact

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that we will not understand that this world of feeling, imagination, and will is not a mere shadow show, ghostly when compared with the world that science explains to us, but the enduring sphere in which our real life is passed. It is the world that science explains which is soon discovered to be merely spectral, though this does not mean that science has not its own magnificent uses. But much harm has been done by pseudoscientific "explanations" of religion, art, sex, and so on. And notice how so many writers of this kind first deny the values and then try to cheat them in through a little back door.

Politically I am unashamedly "pink," which seems to me a fine, healthy shade. That is, I believe that for highly organized industrial communities, such as ours in Britain, a moderate collectivism, some form of liberal socialism, is to be advocated. But I distrust all deification of the state and believe that a confusion between the state (which is a mere instrument and no more sacred than the Gas & Coke Company) and the community (which gives us all a fuller existence) has caused much of our present trouble. I dislike the purely economic view of life and distrust all its theorists. That is one reason why, though collectivism does not frighten me, I have a profound distrust of the Marxists, whose whole philosophical basis seems to me dangerously narrow.

I disagree with the verdict that democracy has been given a good trial and has failed. So far we have not had too much of it but not enough of it. The fact that it may be noisy and untidy does not worry me at all. My own happy family is inclined to be noisy and untidy. Most prisons are quiet and neat. So thoroughgoing is my democracy that I dislike all cries for a leader, preferring my great men to be thinkers, artists, scientists. Great men of action are nearly always a curse to the community; power always corrupts; and we must especially beware — as we know now to our cost — those men who have enormous ambitions but no particular recognized talent. It is much better for the community that assemblies and committees of ordinary men should be allowed to argue and muddle a bit than that megalomaniacs, even though they may have a touch of genius, should impose their wills on populations of robots. This would be obvious if it were not for the trick, now very common, of pretending that the state is not a mere instrument but a superperson, whose will is that of the dictator who happens to have at his command the army of secret police.

Finally, I believe that we must never forget for an instant that what matters is not all the elaborate machinery of existence, which is merely a means to an end, but the state of human consciousness. Everything of real value is contained within it. The clues to the treasure house of life are to be found not outside ourselves but within ourselves. And it is time we stopped looking through a telescope for the kingdom of heaven, for we have been told where it is to be found.

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The Forum Quiz

This quiz is planned to be a painless and amusing method of checking up on yourself, to find out how well-informed you are. It covers various fields of interest and should not be difficult for the average person. Counting four points for each question answered correctly, a good score on this quiz would be eighty. (Answers on inside back cover.)

1. Speaking of highway safety — the weather is blamed for lots of things, but how responsible is it for auto accidents? Most fatal crashes occur when the weather is:
(*a*) *rainy* (*b*) *foggy* (*c*) *clear* (*d*) *snowy*

2. And suppose you have an accident, such as smacking into a lamppost you thought was merely a Republican. The figures show that your car will probably have:
(*a*) *a bottle of rum and a cutie in it*
(*b*) *bad brakes* (*c*) *defective steering*
(*d*) *a blown-out tire* (*e*) *no apparent defects*

3. And now for Culture: How many million Americans go to the movies every week, to sit through a picture in which boy meets girl?
(*a*) *35,000,000* (*b*) *65,000,000* (*c*) *85,000,000*

4. Think you know a lot about literature? Well, just tell us which author is coupled with the wrong best seller of its day:
(*a*) "*Last Days of Pompeii*" — *Edward Bulwer-Lytton*
(*b*) "*Tale of Peter Rabbit*" — *Beatrix Potter*
(*c*) "*Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*" — *Thomas Dixon*
(*d*) "*David Harum*" — *Edward Noyes Westcott*

5. What is the line Hamlet speaks, when the grave digger hands him a skull, beginning, "Alas, poor Yorick"?
(*a*) "*I knew him well; he was my father's jester.*"
(*b*) "*I loved him, as a brother would.*"
(*c*) "*I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest.*"

6. To know just what Joe Stalin is thinking these days is a difficult matter. Perhaps the only help may be found in his official handouts, which appear in the newspaper:
(*a*) *Pravda* (*b*) *Trud* (*c*) *Izvestia*

7. "Dear, dear," said Aunt Clytemnestra, looking up from the sports pages. "I wish I owned him. Why, he not only won the last Santa Anita Handicap but turned out to be the biggest money winner of all time," Auntie, of course was referring to the horse:
(*a*) *Hardtack* (*b*) *Seabiscuit* (*c*) *Breadbasket*
(*d*) *Equipoise* (*e*) *War Admiral*

8. No, King George did not elevate him to the British peerage. He elevated himself, and is known generally as "Lord Haw Haw of Zeesen." Every Englishman knows him as:
(*a*) *this war's successor to the last one's "Old Bill"*
(*b*) *a Continental commentator, broadcasting for the Nazis*
(*c*) *the nickname for any "pub" operator*
(*d*) *the Duke of Windsor*

9. He lives in a two-room apartment, in a small hotel off Sixth Avenue in Manhattan, filled with books, dust, out-of-date furniture, and bottles of champagne. At night he goes to the theatre and then writes witty, often acid comments on the plays he sees, as America's best known critic:
(*a*) *George Jean Nathan* (*b*) *Lewis Gannett*
(*c*) *Ward Morehouse* (*d*) *Sidney Whipple*

10. In all probability you will have a hard time putting down this recent novel, once you start it. It begins:
Brrrrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!
An alarm clock clanged in the dark and silent room. A bed spring creaked. A woman's voice sang out impatiently:
"Bigger, shut that thing off!"
(*a*) "*Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*," *by Mark Mason*
(*b*) "*A Stricken Field*," *by Martha Gellhorn*
(*c*) "*How Green Was My Valley*," *by Richard Llewellyn*
(*d*) "*Native Son*," *by Richard Wright*

11. Some say that in truth our public debt is now over the limit set by Congress, but at any rate it's very close to the official limit, which is:
(*a*) *$35,000,000,000* (*b*) *$45,000,000,000*
(*c*) *$55,000,000,000*

12. This year marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the man who wrote the passage below. It seems hard to realize today that Victorian reviewers once thought him barbarous, rude, and an author no decent person could possibly read.

Egdon Heath . . . was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature — neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony, as some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

(*a*) *George Moore* (*b*) *Thomas Hardy*
(*c*) *George Meredith*

13. According to most armchair experts, the next theatre of land warfare will be in:
(*a*) *the Balkans* (*b*) *Scandinavia*
(*c*) *Spain* (*d*) *the Rhine region*

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14. On your Western tour this summer it would be a fine idea to stop off and see one of the country's interesting scenic spots, Sequoia National Park, which is in:
(*a*) *Oregon* (*b*) *Washington* (*c*) *California*

15. Precocious little Agamemnon, aged five and now enrolled at Harvard, has fallen in love. "Why," he wrote his mother, "when I think of what great scholars my parents were — well, this biologic urge of mine seems almost *atavistic!*" Agamemnon meant:
(*a*) *Mere language could not describe his passion.*
(*b*) *It seemed a reversion to a remote ancestral trait.*
(*c*) *His emotion sprang from youthful vigor.*
(*d*) *Even a Harvard man could fall in love.*

16. Which one of these men recently wrote an entertaining book in which this characteristic story appears?

At a Hollywood gathering, a producer was explaining at length how great were the costs, how tremendous the difficulties, how contrary were the actors, in a film he was then producing. Mischa Elman inquired mildly, "If it's so hard to make bad pictures, why don't you make good ones?"
(*a*) *Leopold Stokowski* (*b*) *Harpo Marx*
(*c*) *André Kostelanetz* (*d*) *Oscar Levant*

17. Please select the misspelled word in this revision of his film scenario which the Quiz Editor now hopes to sell to Hollywood for two dollars.

Howdy, pardner, is this the Yaller Coyote Saloon? It is? Well, garçon, hand me the table d'hôte. First I'll have some canapés, then roast beef so rare that it appears merely to have been hurt. After that, a double brandy to stop my hicoughs.

18. Think twice before deciding just which one of these men is the Nazi Foreign Minister:
(*a*) *Joachim von Ribbentrop* (*b*) *Hermann Goering*
(*c*) *Walther Funk* (*d*) *Rudolf Hess*

19. Again speaking of your auto trip — it is a good thing to keep in mind that a car traveling sixty miles an hour has the same capacity for inflicting damage as it would have if it were driven off a building:
(*a*) *two stories high* (*b*) *six stories high*
(*c*) *ten stories high* (*d*) *twelve stories high*

20. Recall the name of that internationally known private banking house which recently became incorporated?
(*a*) *Lazard Frères* (*b*) *J. P. Morgan*
(*c*) *Lehman Brothers* (*d*) *McKesson & Robbins*

21. If you were to meet Bertrand Russell at Bishop Manning's cocktail party, you would aptly greet him by saying:
(*a*) "*Hello, Bert; sorry to hear you may not get that job.*"
(*b*) "*It was a smart idea — making you British Minister of Propaganda.*"
(*c*) "*Frankly, Bert I don't think Hollywood can put your theories into pictorial form.*"

22. The most recent appointee to Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court (now known as the Nine Young Men) is a bright, red-headed chap named:
(*a*) *William O. Douglas* (*b*) *James M. Landis*
(*c*) *Felix Frankfurter* (*d*) *Frank Murphy*

23. In the business increase resulting from the war, which one of these groups has experienced the greatest impetus?
(*a*) *Wall Street firms* (*b*) *farmers*
(*c*) *aviation industry* (*d*) *auto industry*
(*e*) *newspaper publishers* (*f*) *undertakers*

24. Just one of these statements is FALSE. Please pick it out:
(*a*) *John Masefield is British Poet Laureate.*
(*b*) *There were no U. S. air line fatalities in 1939.*
(*c*) *Father Coughlin's popularity is not what it once was.*
(*d*) *Turkey recently had a severe earthquake.*

25. And just one of these statements is TRUE:
(*a*) *A benedict is a long-time bachelor.*
(*b*) *Flotsam is the same as jetsam.*
(*c*) *A sybarite is a voluptuary.*
(*d*) *Most Senators can't read or write.*

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Britain's Aims in India

by **SIR ALFRED WATSON**

Nobody can deplore the present situation in India more than that large body of Englishmen who have cherished and fostered the hope of India's taking her place as a single powerful nation within the British Commonwealth of nations. Responsibility for the tension that exists rests almost solely with the Indian Congress in calling out the ministries in eight of the eleven provinces into which British India is divided. This has cast back into the control of the bureaucracy an administration that was almost solely in Indian hands. In so acting, the Congress has revived, in intensified form, the age-old antagonism between Hindus and Moslems, has aroused the fears of domination of the other considerable minorities in India, and has increased the doubts of the native states of the fate that awaits them should they become subject to the rule of a Congress majority in the Central Legislature of India.

Let it be admitted that an initial blunder lies at the door of the Indian Government. As a step prior to the declaration of full participation in the war, leaders of Indian parties should have been called into consultation. Instead, the Viceroy merely informed the leaders of his intention to associate India with the remainder of the Empire. Technically, he was within his rights. At the present stage of self-government in India, the issue of peace or war is the prerogative of the Viceroy, but the occasion was not one for adherence to forms. All parties in India had declared their abhorrence of aggression as manifested in China, Abyssinia, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia. Unconditional support to the British war aims in Europe was a possibility worth a few days' delay. Whatever the result of previous deliberations, India could not have remained outside the conflict; but the concession to Indian susceptibilities might have enabled her to enter into war in full unity of sentiment.

The mistake was made, and is now difficult to remedy. Congress, while declaring itself anxious to play a part in the battle against Hitlerism, held that India had been committed to war against Germany without the previous sanction of the Indian people. While in the days immediately succeeding the outbreak of war, Mr. Gandhi showed a personal inclination to give unconditional support to Great Britain and declared that his own sympathies were with France and England, he was presently in line with the demand of the Working Committee of Congress that such support should depend on a declaration by the British Government of its intention to accord full independence to India at the conclusion of the war. Rid of all verbiage, the Congress claim was that Indians, gathered in a Constituent Assembly, should write their own constitution and that Great Britain should endorse the document without discussion.

Now the plain answer to this demand is that the war, if victoriously fought, can make no difference in British intentions toward India. Should defeat come, India and all else in the Empire will crash, and other nations will decide the future form of government in India. But, assuming victory, as we are bound to do, the British desire is that at the earliest date possible India shall attain full dominion status — and by that is meant no less than the full independence in home and foreign affairs possessed by Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. How that independence may operate is illustrated by the present position of Eire, which, though a member of the British Commonwealth, has disinterested herself in the war. Great Britain can give no more, because that is the utmost she has to surrender.

The "independence" and the severance of all ties with Great Britain of which left-wing Congressmen talk loosely would be speedily followed, in present world conditions, by the

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destruction of every kind of ordered government in India: first, by internal conflict and, second, by the conquest of the country either by the Russian Soviet, operating by land, or by Japan, invading the country by sea. Both those nations have turned eager eyes on the prize that an India bereft of British protection would be, and Indians, outside a very small body of extremists, frankly acknowledge that the only safety is in maintaining the British tie.

II

Had the British Government been swayed by any Machiavellian intentions toward India, it could have taken no course more certain to promote discord and chaos in India than acceptance of the Constituent Assembly proposal. For, as was revealed by the consultations on which the Viceroy embarked immediately after Congress had formulated its policy, there is not the first element of accord between the greater communities that divide India into opposing camps. The nearer the approach to full self-government, the more discordant and dangerous has become the strife, the more emphatic the repudiation of the Congress assertion that its voice is the voice of India.

Congress has hitherto occupied a position of formidable strength. Since the Government of India Act conferred full provincial autonomy, it has ruled in eight of the eleven provinces into which India is divided. In its virtual leader, Mr. Gandhi, it has a figure of world significance. Endowed with ample funds, it has created the most powerful political organization inside the country and has maintained able propagandists abroad.

Yet its very success has raised opposition forces that are steadily consolidating their position, and has been followed by serious divisions within its own ranks. Originally a purely constitutional group, obtaining most of its strength from the advanced Englishmen who were among its founders, it has shed in succession the British element, the Indian liberals, practically all the Moslems who count in the counsels of that vast community of 80,000,000 souls. Today it is a caucus composed almost entirely of Hindu politicians, its claim to speak for India violently rejected by the Moslems, repudiated by the 45,000,000 of the depressed classes, and certainly not acknowledged by the 90,000,000 subjects of the native States, in whose affairs Congress has unwarrantably interfered. These are sufficiently powerful opponents within a population of 370,000,000. Within its own ranks, a new schism is developing under the leadership of Mr. Subhas Bose, the extremist who was recently deposed from the presidency of Congress itself.

All parties in India are united in the demand for self-government, but the fears of the powerful parties that refuse to accept Congress leadership are easy to understand in the light of the kind of government for India foreshadowed by Mr. Subhas Bose in his authoritative history of *The Indian Struggle*. Congress, he tells his readers,

> will stand for a Federal Government for India as the ultimate goal, but will believe in a strong Central Government with dictatorial powers for some years to come, in order to put India on her feet . . . it will not stand for a democracy in the Mid-Victorian sense of the term, but will believe in government by a strong party bound together by military discipline.

Can there be wonder that this vision of a Hitlerian dictatorship imposed on all India by a Hindu majority arouses the most violent antagonism in the communities that are to be its victims?

III

In the light of these irreconcilable differences between parties and religious communities in India, little was to be hoped from the consultations with more than fifty leaders which the Viceroy initiated immediately the attitude of Congress was declared. At these, the representative of Britain in India outlined a plan that represented an immediate and immense stride forward in Indian responsibility for government at the center. Emphasizing that dominion status remains the constitutional goal for India, Lord Linlithgow announced his willingness to create a consultative group associating Indian opinion with the prosecution of the war. He added that at the end of the war the British Government would be willing to enter into consultation with Indian leaders regarding modifications in the federal scheme, so meeting the objections that have been raised to the plan of the Government of India Act.

Elementary political strategy would have seized at once on a concession that held out the promise of immediate power at the center and

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represented a departure from the forms of government on which there could have been no going back and which would have survived the war. Nevertheless the consultations, which revealed the depths of the cleft between Hindus and Moslems, broke down. The Working Committee of Congress exercised the dictatorial power over ministries which it has established and called on these to resign, without any appeal to their constituents. Thus in eight of the provinces, as large as many of the States of America and more densely populated, the reins of government were thrown into the hands of the governors and the permanent bureaucracy, since no alternative ministries were possible while Congressmen retained their seats ready to vote them down.

Of all blunders that Congress has made — and they have been many — this was the greatest. Congress abandoned all control of Indian policy and all power to further the national advancement that it has at heart. Government over a large area of India was cast back to the forms of thirty years ago. While in three provinces ministries wholly composed of Indians are legislating and administering, in eight all power passes into the hands of permanent officials. To abandon responsibility in a situation in which no new government can hold office for a day is the very negation of democracy, and the adoption of such a device illustrates how far many Indians are from grasping the first canons of popular government.

The immediate effect on opinion in Great Britain has been to give renewed strength to that body of opinion which has always held that advance in India has run ahead of the capacity of the people to understand the powers placed in their hands. In India herself the restoration of power to a bureaucracy not wholly reconciled to its loss of authority has obvious dangers. For, in wartime, officialdom everywhere grasps power and unwillingly surrenders it in peace.

Unless wiser counsels prevail (and of that there is always hope while Mr. Gandhi shows himself unwilling to proceed to extremes), the situation must steadily deteriorate. In peace, the Moslems make by far the largest contribution of men to the defenses of India; in war, their share will be greater, for the community has placed itself unreservedly at the service of the government. So have the native princes. When peace comes, those who have made sacrifices out of all proportion to their numbers will be even less inclined than they are today to commit their destinies to the hands of men who have held aloof and confined their activities to the sanding of the machinery of government. "To the victors the spoils" may become the battle cry that must shatter for a generation all hope of Indian solidarity as one nation.

IV

SETTLEMENT of the communal issue is the inescapable preliminary to any resolution of the political problem. The claim of Mr. Gandhi and Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the Congress leaders, that the crisis "is not related to the communal issue" and that religious dissensions are being used by the British Government to avoid a declaration of its own intentions turns a blind eye to everything that is happening in India.

Hard on the resignation of the Congress ministries, Mr. Jinnah, the able but foolishly impulsive leader of the Moslem League, called on all Moslems throughout India to celebrate "a day of deliverance from Congress rule." In a resolution, following the lines of a manifesto that has had wide circulation through India, he accused the Hindu Congress of ill-treating the Moslems, interfering with their elementary rights of freedom, destroying Moslem culture, trampling on economic and political rights, and subjecting Mohammedans to "tyranny, oppression and

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injustice" during the two and a half years in which it has exercised power. Much of this is as nonsensical as the Congress claim that political demands are unaffected by the bitter quarrel between the communities, but behind this raging, tearing propaganda lies a plan for the future division of India that every well-wisher of the country must combat.

For his part Mr. Jinnah, whose influence over his coreligionists is second only to that of Mr. Gandhi over the Hindus, has declared that "in such a country as India, comprising different nationalities, a democratic system of Parliamentary government is, in my view, an impossibility." Were that true, every effort made by the British people during the last forty years to lead India along the path to popular government would have been misguided folly. But it is not true.

What is important in Mr. Jinnah's pronouncement is not the words themselves but the scheme that inspires them. Mohammedan opinion is swinging over to the creation, in the northern block of provinces in which Moslems are in a majority, of a Moslem India, occupying much the same position as Ulster does in the body of Ireland. Realization of any such scheme would end all prospect of welding the Indian peoples into one nation. Nor would one Ulster suffice. The native States, harassed and harried as they have been by the agitators of the Indian Congress, are ripe for standing together against their incorporation into the body of a united India.

It is these facts that make impracticable the evolution of any agreed constitution by means of a Constituent Assembly. Neither the Mohammedans, with their indelible memories of the hundreds of years through which they ruled India, nor the native princes, cherishing the independence which they have enjoyed, are willing to hazard their fate on the votes of an assembly in which they would be in a minority and would be faced by a majority that they deeply distrust. Without preliminary agreement as to the broad lines of the future constitution, no representative body to draft such a document can be gathered together.

Enduring settlement of the communal quarrel is an essential preliminary, and for that the British Government has publicly offered its help. For the rest, the scheme of the Government of India Act, capable of modification within limits in accord with Indian opinion, holds the field as the one plan that can unite India. The virtue of that Act is its fluidity. While establishing a temporary form for Indian government, it contains provisions leaving India free to develop at her own pace through the phases of federation and provision for internal and external defense to the entire freedom of full dominion status. Mr. Gandhi, in defining "independence" as "dominion status within the full scope of the Act of Westminster," does not go one step further than Sir Samuel Hoare, with his blunt acknowledgment that "there are no two kinds of dominion status."

To Englishmen of practically all parties it has been a bitter disappointment that Indians have not made more use of the opportunities given them for the swift development of constitutional forms. The blame cannot be laid on any single party, but the bulk of it rests on the shoulders of the Indian Congress. After winning the first elections in the provinces, it refused to take office — although, when it eventually changed its mind, its ministers discovered that all fears of interference from the governors were illusory and that the permanent services were as faithful to their new chiefs as they had been to their predecessors. Mohammedans and Congressmen alike have obstructed the scheme of federation,

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on which popular government at the center hangs, and in so doing have strengthened the fears and hesitations of the native princes who are asked to surrender much of the power over their subjects they have hitherto wielded. The Viceroy and the governors have exhausted themselves in the effort to get forward; every hindrance has come from the Indian side, until now federation is unavoidably postponed until after the war.

The British conscience is clear as regards all these matters. Parliament has provided the complete machine by means of which dominion status can be reached. British representatives in India have worked zealously to increase the pace of the machine. Delay and difficulty has been on the Indian side. When dominion status will be reached is a question that India alone can answer, since it depends solely on Indian agreement and Indian willingness to carry through the preliminaries necessary to its attainment.

It will be a proud day in English history when it can be said that the labors of nearly two hundred years have ended in the creation in the East of a free and united nation, linked to the Empire by no ties except those of common interest and a common sovereignty. The dawn of that day is postponed not by British obstinacy but by Indian quarrels and the failure of Indian parties to grasp the powers with which they have been endowed.

Greater Than Fear

Ruminating through a solitude
I heard a partridge cooing to her brood
And when I waded through the underbrush
She squealed, then fluttered toward me with a rush
Of courage — covering the quick retreat
Of peeping chicks. Tumbling at my feet,
She hissed defiance, bravely baiting me
To run her down, but when I turned to see
If I could find her progeny, she flew
Almost against my face, although she knew
That I belonged to that unfeathered race
Whose forebears have been lacking in the grace
Of kindliness. She knew the foul breath
Of powder, blown from double-barreled death,
For she had dodged the rain of shotted lead
Whistling through her wings and past her head,
But her devotion sublimated fear
When man — her longtime enemy — stalked near.

Harry Elmore Hurd

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The BOOK FORUM

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The Poet and His Audience • *Elizabeth Drew*

Publishers' Announcements

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The Power of the Idea

by **MARY M. COLUM**

THIS MONTH we have many biographies, full-length and brief, ranging from Jonathan Edwards to Oscar Wilde and from Jefferson to Stalin. Of these Frances Winwar's *Oscar Wilde and the Yellow 'Nineties* * is, in its dramatic appeal, in its revelation of a personality and an epoch, unquestionably the most readable.

One foggy winter's day at a reception in London nearly a decade ago, I found myself engaged in a lively conversation by a carefully groomed, somewhat elderly gentleman whose manner had that curious directness noticed so often in old aristocracies and so seldom in the well-bred bourgeoisie.

"We don't know each other," said I to a friend, Ottiline Morell, who joined us.

She pronounced the name — "Lord Alfred Douglas."

It fell on me like a clap of thunder; a startled look must have shown on my face, for the entertaining gentleman flushed; his nervous eyes betrayed an appeal of some sort; the nervous hand which had automatically thrust itself out went back into his coat pocket. This was Bosie Douglas, Oscar Wilde's "love that dared not say its name," the man who had been Wilde's evil genius, of whose beauty Wilde had written in sentences that horrified a British court with their lusciousness. He had been called by acquaintances "beautiful as an angel and wicked as the devil." I watched him, fascinated, as he backed away, and somehow, strangely, Browning's lines occurred to me — "And did you once see Shelley plain, and did he stop and speak to you?"

I knew more about Douglas than just that he had played a role in the greatest scandal of Victorian England. As a schoolgirl, before I knew the inner significance of the scandal, I had excitedly read the journal he edited, *The Academy*, which contained the snappiest literary criticism of the time in English; I knew his poetry and that of his wife, Olive Custance, which used to appear in his paper. A sonnet to her is also in the new edition of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, wherein he asks her to write, when he is dead, that "love like a lamp swayed over all his days," and wherein he says of himself:

> I have been profligate of happiness
> And reckless of the world's hostility.

What swayed all his days, really, was poetry. And what a romantic name he bore, going back centuries! One learned at school the names of the Douglases who fell at Flodden Field and the lines in *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* that had celebrated different members of his family — the black Douglases and the gray Douglases.

Then I had another memory — the pathetic friendship of his mother for the Irish struggle for independence. It perhaps took her mind off her disasters; occasionally in Arthur Griffith's *United Irishman* a sympathetic letter from her would appear, enclosing a subscription for the cause. For her, that terrible trial of Oscar Wilde, with her sons against their father, must have been an inferno. Mrs. Wilde could change her name and her children's name, but there could be no change of name for the Douglases — they had been in the public eye, in the eye of history, too long, and their individualism had passed into a proverb: "There are men, women, and Douglases."

The beautiful boyish, willful face of the photograph in Frances Winwar's *Oscar Wilde* seems to have little connection with the countenance of the conventionally dressed man I was talking to on that gray day, except for the eyes; but the eyes — the imaginative, eager, dreamy eyes — are the same. The brow, too — that of an intellectual all of whose passions, good and bad, would be somehow related to the needs of his intellect, more indeed, probably, than Wilde's.

Miss Winwar gives in her book the dramatic speech in the Old Bailey Court in which Wilde explained "the love that dared not speak its name:"

> It is the noblest form of affection, it is intellectual, and it repeatedly exists between an elder and a younger man when the elder man has intellect and the younger man has all the joy, hope, and glamour of life before him.

But I should give a guess that it was Douglas who had the dominating intellect and Wilde the intensity of emotion, just as, in the Rimbaud-Verlaine affair, it was the younger man who had the dominant intellect.

THE TRAGEDY OF OSCAR WILDE

THEY MET, Wilde and Douglas, in the year of Rimbaud's death, when the scandal of Verlaine's shooting him had been forgotten. It is one of the world's most dramatic stories, and Miss Winwar

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tells it dramatically and absorbingly.

The dramatis personae are all extraordinary, all having played a strange role in life. There is Wilde's father, William Wilde of Dublin, a brilliant surgeon and archaeologist, apparently a man of overwhelming sexual urges. There is his wife "Speranza," an Irish nationalist heroine who wrote poems for the ultranationalist journals and whose *Ancient Legends of Ireland* is one of the most beautiful books of its kind in English. She and her husband named her second son "Oscar Fingal" for two of the great heroes of the Irish sagas. Then there is Douglas' father, the Marquis of Queensberry, also a man of overwhelming sexual urges, who actually hated his own sons. There are both the suffering mothers — "Speranza," who tried to get what consolation she could out of her literary salon, and Lady Queensberry, who was devoted to her children, especially Bosie.

Miss Winwar makes no attempt to analyze the minds of Wilde and Douglas on the intellectual side, yet one cannot help believing in the essential importance in their relationship of the intellectual and artistic affinity between them. Wilde was an artist, an unmitigated artist, and Bosie understood him. Wilde was an Irishman, with a type of mind not as readily understood by the English as by the French — one to whom the products of the mind are important in themselves regardless of what they lead to, one who considers the passions as poetic powers, as do the French, not as potential vices, as do the English. What an extraordinary impression he left on people who knew him! The last time I saw William Butler Yeats, he spoke for a long time about Wilde. He insisted that Wilde was a man of action as well as an artist and that, if he had gone into Parliament, he would have made a remarkable statesman: "His career would have been as astonishing as Disraeli's," said Yeats.

The infatuation or whatever it was between Wilde and Douglas lasted to the end of Wilde's life; Bosie could always get him. After Oscar came out of prison, after all his misfortunes, he fell for Bosie again.

But the best part of all the story and of Miss Winwar's telling of it is the account of the lasting friendships Wilde made and of the devotion of his friends to the very end, even though they could save him neither from Bosie nor from drink. And how touching and how French was the loyalty and affection of the little Paris hotel proprietor for his broken-down and impecunious tenant! Wilde sank to death supported in his arms.

The worst side of the story is that about the persecutors and betrayers, beginning with the savage Marquis of Queensberry and those envious rivals who were his allies in raking up evidence against Wilde and that array of underworld characters, pimps and parasites, who formed the government's witnesses and every one of whom should have been jailed for a longer period than Wilde. The civilized world is often rightly shocked at the type of witnesses governments put up against an accused man, nursing and dandling them into presenting their deadly and self-condemnatory evidence.

Wilde's disgrace seemed to be for all time. His prison term ended, he had to leave England and spend the rest of his days on the Continent, sometimes in real poverty; his plays were withdrawn; his books tacitly suppressed; his name never appeared in the literary journals; the anthologies ignored him; and, even yet, the *Oxford Book of English Verse* which presents Alfred Douglas leaves Wilde out.

Mysterious Stalin

Oscar Wilde once wrote an essay, *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, in which the spiritual benefits of a classless society run according to a William Morris–John Ruskin plan were unfolded. At the time the essay was published, somewhere in the Caucasus (which to the poet Wilde meant the region that Medea came from and where Prometheus was chained) a youngster was growing up in a miserable shoemaker's hovel and storing up enough hatred and power of will later to head a socialist state in which all the values that Wilde attached to the "soul of man" would be dismissed. He is the man the world has come to know as Stalin.

Whatever has to be said against the passions and emotions that run through the Wilde story, there are also in it some of the highest ideals that the Western world has stood for — loyalty, intellect, art, and philosophy. But Stalin stands for something so divergent from the ideals of Christianity, Judaism, Graeco-Roman culture that no Westerner seems to be able to get inside him. In spite of the fact that Eugene Lyons writes brilliantly about him, has studied him, studied the Russia around him, studied his colleagues, we get an impression of bewilderment from his *Stalin, Czar of all the Russias.**

We believe what Mr. Lyons tells us of Stalin's vengefulness, his barbarity, his Orientalism; his cruelty, treachery, power of dissimulation; his subterranean plotting in which he can carry on a plan underneath while fooling the rest of the world on top, as he did about his alliance with Hitler. When he tells us that Stalin's record is that of history written in blood, we believe him. But when he tells us that the whole fabulous story represents the triumph of mediocrity, we cannot believe him. Something of deep significance eludes Eugene Lyons as it has eluded other Western writers.

Stalin is mediocre, assuredly, in some of the qualities that the West prizes highly, but in others he must have a supremacy that baffles our comprehension. How is it that he can get hold of the brains

* *Lippincott; $2.50.*

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GUSTAV ADOLF THE GREAT

THE LION OF THE NORTH

By NILS AHNLUND

Professor of History at the Stockholm University

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of men, use them as instruments any way he wants to, as other men use wealth and material resources? For Eugene Lyons, Stalin is a tough with a barbaric patience, subtlety, and vindictiveness, with a thirst for revenge against a hard and embittered childhood. But there must be more to this world figure — he must have qualities of leadership and magnetism; he must have ideals, penetrable or impenetrable; there must be some spiritual or perhaps demonic force behind him or inside him. No man gets such a following through mere intrigue and vindictiveness.

Whether we read Eugene Lyons' *Stalin* or M. R. Werner's *Stalin's Kampf*,* a book composed of Stalin's own utterances — letters, speeches, articles — we are just as remote from understanding the man himself. How much of Stalin is contained in his own utterances is difficult to estimate. A man of action such as he almost necessarily expresses second-hand ideas in second-hand phrases. His utterances are more likely to be a hash-up of what he has read and been indoctrinated with. But in the Western world we are so easily bamboozled by the notion that language must necessarily express the man that not only Stalin's admirers but admirers of the other dictators are easily convinced by the dictators' words while discounting their actions. But men of this kind must be judged by their actions; their language may be a total misrepresentation.

From *Stalin's Kampf* there emerges rather a sympathetic and engaging figure, but actually Stalin's utterances are often conventionalities that he has picked up from writers and statesmen and have clearly little relation to his personal thought. The only type of human being he shows any comprehension of is the industrial worker of the towns; for intellectuals whose lives are passed with ideas, for peasants whose lives are passed in the fields he has neither understanding nor sympathy.

IDEAS THAT MADE OUR WORLD

TO TURN FROM STALIN to the volumes presenting Jefferson and Tom Paine, in the Living Thoughts Library,† is to be made to realize the change that has come into the spirit of politics in a century and a half.

Jefferson and Paine, like all the political thinkers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, were humane: they had consideration for the dignity and destiny of man, of man as a many-sided person. Though they hated the oppressors of mankind, they could, because of the humane spirit inbred in them, plan for the future without rancor.

This humaneness is what is lacking in the contemporary revolutionary thinkers, communist and fascist. These are uncultivated men who look on

* *Howell, Soskin; $2.50.*

† *Longmans, Green; $1.00 per vol.*

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men in their functional capacity, as instruments among other instruments. This attitude is not owing solely, however, to their lack of cultivation; it is also owing to the fact that the world they are molding and have been molded by is an industrial world, a world of machines and factories from which reflection and reverie have been banished.

The world Jefferson looked on was made up of people who lived on farms and in villages in which there could be reflection and reverie and remembrance. It made his political thinking somewhat idyllic — Jefferson's utterances show no inkling of approaching industrialization, with its strains and conflicts. Being a man of reflection, Jefferson expressed not only the thought of his time raised to a high power but his own personal thought.

In these volumes, the Living Thoughts Library, the purpose is to present the really vital thought of men who have molded our ideas. The selections presented contain the pregnant part of the thought of the man the volume deals with. The introductions, generally, are admirable, written by men who not only know the thought of the person they are presenting but whose own minds have been molded by that thought. John Dewey, for instance, presents Jefferson's thought and writes an introduction that puts us in contact with this humane and rich mind. John Dos Passos presents Thomas Paine; Thomas Mann presents Schopenhauer; Edgar Lee Masters presents Emerson; a dozen others are equally fittingly presented.

It seems to the present reviewer, however, that the editor of the series made a mistake in getting François Mauriac to present Pascal. His introduction shows that his interest in Pascal is narrow and sectarian. In his selections he presents the least vital part of Pascal's mind. One would never guess that the Pascal of this volume was the same thinker and writer whom Sainte-Beuve made so exciting and vital in his *History of Port-Royale*. There is a sort of fleshly Puritanism in the work of François Mauriac that puts him at a great distance from the mentality of Pascal. As he is presented here, Pascal is not very different from Jonathan Edwards.

John Dos Passos presents Tom Paine sympathetically and brilliantly. Tom Paine is always where the battle is — he is with Washington's retreating army; he is in revolutionary Paris; he is in the prison of the terrorists. In comparison with Paine, Jefferson, if not above the battle, is some distance from it. Where he wants to arouse us to reflection, Paine wants to arouse us to action:

> Hath your property been destroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then you are not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers, then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or

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> lover, and whatever be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward, and the spirit of a sycophant.

Jefferson arouses us to reflect on and make sure of our democratic faith in such passages as this:

> Although I do not, with some enthusiasts, believe that the human condition will ever advance to such a state of perfection as that there shall be no longer pain or vice in the world, yet I believe it susceptible of much improvement, and most of all, in matters of government and religion; and the diffusion of knowledge among people is to be the instrument by which it is to be effected.

What both Tom Paine and Jefferson had was a complete dedication to liberty. Both give us the sense of America's being really a new world, not only physically but politically and morally. Paine can speak of America as a prophet:

> O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is over-run with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

Two German Philosophers

For sheer literary interest, Thomas Mann's volume, *Schopenhauer*, is the most exciting of the series so far. Schopenhauer is a philosopher who has had a tremendous if unacknowledged influence on literary thinking. He led both psychologists and writers to go below what was reasonable and discover the subconscious. He is really one of those who led psychology on new roads and prepared the way for the psychoanalysts. Thomas Mann's selection shows the dramatic quality that is in Schopenhauer's philosophy, a quality that gives his system an artistic appeal. The introduction is so comprehensive that it gives the extracts the cogency and coherence of a complete work. The average modern reader can probably get as much illumination out of the present short volume as by working his way through the formidable volumes of *The World as Will and Idea.*

Schopenhauer's test of the value of a religion was the profundity of its pessimism, a pessimism that made necessary the idea of redemption. It is on this value that he rates Christianity:

> The power in virtue of which Christianity was able to overcome, first Judaism and then the heathenism of Greece and Rome, lies solely in its pessimism, in the confession that our state is both exceedingly wretched and sinful, while Judaism and heathenism were optimistic. That truth, profoundly and painfully felt by all, penetrated, and bore in its train the need of redemption.

In this Schopenhauer and Pascal join minds. To Thomas Mann's brother, Heinrich, has fallen the task of presenting Schopenhauer's onetime disciple, the most poetic of all the modern philosophers, Nietzsche. The high estimation Nietzsche set on himself has a touch of his later insanity about it:

> I am the harbinger of joy the like of which has never existed before; I have discovered tasks of such lofty greatness that, until my time, no one had any idea of such things. Mankind can begin to have fresh hopes only now that I have lived.

While we need not set this extravagant value on his thinking, Nietzsche stands out as a great spirit — great as a psychologist, a scholar, and a poet.

However, it is the Nietzsche of great political and historical insights that we get mainly in this volume. Ironically enough, this philosopher, who styled himself "a good European," has been adopted as a kind of spiritual *Führer* by Goering and others in the present German regime. Yet no one has more devastatingly criticized the side of Germany of which the Nazis are symptomatic than Nietzsche has done. One of the reasons for the French superiority in Europe, he declares, lies "in their ancient, many-sided, moralistic culture. . . . The Germans lack a couple of centuries of moralistic work . . . which France has not grudged." The French are preserved by their mixture of northern and southern stocks from "our German infirmity of taste for the excessive prevalence of which at the present moment blood and iron, that is to say, 'high politics' has with great resolution been prescribed."

Of course Nietzsche was a man of contradictions, a man who, as he would say of the Germans, had several warring souls within. The moral and political critic is here well presented — the prophet, too. But there is too little of Nietzsche the poet, too little of Zarathustra.

The Past, Living and Dead

After all the exciting minds represented in brief compass in the Living Thoughts Library, it does seem somewhat excessive to devote 350 pages to a life of Jonathan Edwards. Admittedly, Jonathan Edwards has a place in the history of American thought; admittedly, now is the time for a biography of him, when everyone is interested in all the founding fathers — political, literary, theological. But it is hard for anyone who is not identified with Puritan thought to be excited about this divine's life and work. Theologians vis-à-vis posterity are in an unfortunate position. The climate of theology changes slowly, but it changes far more completely than the climate of science and philosophy; and, when it has changed, we have enormous difficulty in understanding what the theologians were talking about. The endless discussions about Grace which Edwards as well as Pascal went on and on with are empty for us now; they could have no appeal to us unless in them we come on some remarkable personal expression, as we do in the case of Pascal.

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It seems to us that Ola Elizabeth Winslow devotes too many pages to her *Jonathan Edwards*,* although she makes it evident that she is a good writer and an enthusiastic and scrupulous scholar. We simply feel that her subject did not have an external life exciting enough, an intellectual life profound enough to make us want to know Jonathan Edwards to this extent.

A Great Anthology

The poetry anthologists were the originators in presenting essential samples of the expression of great minds in brief compass. A good deal used to be said against them: people who read selections in anthologies, it was declared, would never take the trouble to read poets' complete works; anthologies would injure the extensive reading of poetry. There is some justice in the criticism. But it is well to face the fact that nobody except scholars or literary specialists ever reads the whole of the poetical works of the older poets. It would be well if the old poets were all edited as Wordsworth and Byron were edited by Matthew Arnold. There is a crying need for the most living of the poetry of the great Victorians to be placed inside the covers of compact books as easy to handle as the Living Thoughts series.

The anthology has come to stay, and the most exciting anthology that has been made, I am convinced, is the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Anthologies can be made boring by the very way the poems are arranged; Palgrave's, for instance, always had a certain heaviness about it. But the editor of the *Oxford Book* made both the arrangement and the selection so alive that it is a necessary possession for all who care about poetry. It goes back to the beginnings of English verse or, at least, back to the 1200's, and presents us with all the lovely early buds of English lyricism; it gives us a selection of the old ballads that Bishop Percy dug up and pieces that represent nearly every phase of English poetic achievement down to our contemporaries.

But, unhappily, the compiler of this great anthology was from the first an unsure judge of contemporary poetry. He was shaky about his older contemporaries in the first edition; in the present, he is shaky about his younger contemporaries. While he includes in his latest edition † a great many of the finest contemporary poets, he often presents them either by meager examples or by their least characteristic works. He includes several poems by unimportant writers that are of no more value in the long line of poetry in English than, say, a poem in the *New York Times*. Nevertheless, with all the defects that can be discovered on the later pages, the *Oxford Book of English Verse* remains what it has been for forty years — the most thorough and the most fascinating anthology in English.

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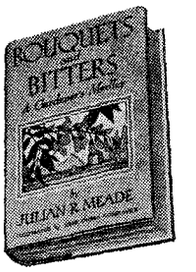

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Reviews of the Month

edited by

Eleanor Van Alen

THE AMERICAN STAKES, by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN (Carrick & Evans; $2.75).

Only the superficial reader will find a contradiction between John Chamberlain's first book and his second. *Farewell to Reform*, published on the eve of Roosevelt's first term, showed why in forty years the progressive movement in the United States had accomplished so little; his second book, published as the end of Roosevelt's second term draws near, explains how and why the New Deal succeeded where previous reform efforts had failed. But Mr. Chamberlain's second book is no more a blanket endorsement of evolutionary liberalism than his first book was an endorsement of revolutionary radicalism. In both books, Mr. Chamberlain became at once the spokesman and the symbol of the best American traditions at two turning points in our nation's history.

The American Stakes consists of eight chapters that can be read as separate essays; indeed, some of them have appeared in the *New Republic*, *Harper's*, the *Yale Review*, even *Fortune*. They discuss guild socialism, the co-operative movement, Roosevelt, La Guardia, distributism, the New Deal, American foreign policy, and the nature of the state. The first chapter, "Whose State?" argues that the state is a "limited racket": all government rests on force, and human beings tend in time to work out some sort of compromise between anarchy and totalitarianism. And in the closing chapter Mr. Chamberlain puts an approving finger on five distinct economic systems working side by side in the United States. He agrees with the so-called "left" New Dealers — Henderson, Frank, Corcoran, and Cohen — that the New Deal is fundamentally "conservative," since it is trying to preserve this patchwork system by which we live.

It is only on the matter of foreign policy that Mr. Chamberlain parts company with his New Deal friends. He does not, however, accuse the Roosevelt Administration of deliberately trying to involve us in Europe's war. As in the Supreme Court fight, the President is not committing any crime; he is committing a blunder, the blunder in this case being Secretary Hull's visionary faith in reciprocal tariffs and free trade. Mr. Chamberlain, as a continentalist, sees in these well-meaning efforts a dangerous drift toward war.

One cannot overpraise the good temper, the modesty, the lucidity, the shrewdness, the ease, the grasp of Mr. Chamberlain's book. Its author is the very embodiment of the man of good will, American style, 1940 model. Yet it somehow doesn't entirely satisfy or carry quite the conviction that it should. The fault, however, does not lie in Mr. Chamberlain but in ourselves, in the reasonable, intelligent, kindly Americans for whom he is writing and whose language he speaks. For the real cleavage today does not lie between Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Dorothy Thompson on his right or Mr. Norman Thomas on his left. Most middle-class Americans, whether or not they call themselves "intellectuals," live in the same world of reason; we are all skeptics and pragmatists at heart. To reasonable questions we can give reasonable answers — the kind Mr. Chamberlain gives in this book. But suppose people start asking unreasonable questions — about jobs, security, peace. Since we lack fighting faith or clear-cut convictions — remember, we are reasonable people — we must either keep silent or else relapse into the hysteria of Fascism or the hysteria of war. Mr. Chamberlain recognizes this state of affairs; he states it briefly; he is too honest to offer the religious kind of answer that a desperate generation may demand. One can only hope that neither foreign war nor malice domestic knocks the props out from under the world that gave birth to this fine book.

QUINCY HOWE

OTHER GODS, by PEARL S. BUCK (Day; $2.50).

Mrs. Buck, by her own statement, has "found in American life, a limitless reservoir of material for writing." Coming back here after many years, she rediscovered her land with "a certain Columbian freshness." She says she may write "what reviewers call trash at times" but never "to pattern." And that is the truth — for she is continually probing and adding to the understanding of the human heart.

In this instance it is the heart of Kit Tallant, she who, on the rebound from an unrequited love, married American Public Hero Number One and paid the heavy price of public favor and consequent public responsibility. Sensitive, aesthetic Kit, whose parallel with the author of *North to the Orient* and *Listen! the Wind* carries a long distance, soon learns that private fulfillment and happiness are luxuries permitted only to the relatively poor and unknown.

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Bert Holm, who accidentally achieves overnight fame through climbing a Himalayan peak, undergoes a gradual metamorphosis caused by the rays of the pitiless spotlight. In the end, both know the acute loneliness that comes of never being able to belong to themselves or to each other. Instead they become the creation of Roger Brame, the masterful public-relations counsel, and then the religion, the other gods, of the fickle American public.

Mrs. Buck obviously enjoys too much facility for writing for her own good, considering the prodigality of her other gifts as a novelist. She verges too, on what might be defined as "popularity" in her handling of situations and character, rather than on sentimentality. *Other Gods* will remain, however, one of Pearl Buck's most engrossing books.

E. V. A.

Bouquets and Bitters, by Julian R. Meade (Longmans, Green; $2.75).

It is symptomatic of the times we live in that there should be such a rush of books written about gardens; we seek the security of the earth when all around us trembles. The entire American continent is Julian Meade's garden, though with especial love he tends his own soil in Virginia; and we follow him from Charleston to California, from the lush vegetation and camellias of New Orleans to the bravely planted garden on a mountain in Vermont.

Loosely written — too loosely, at times — this book meanders in a chatty manner that resembles the style of that popular English writer, Beverly Nichols. There is too much of the garden-club, lecture-platform atmosphere, too great an insistence on personalities, a certain sentimentality of approach that is apt to irk. But then, as we say this, we recollect flashes of Julian Meade's integrity and we have gratitude to him that he, too, is a crusader in the debunking of gardening. Though he may speak before garden clubs, yet he is gardener rather than horticulturist; and therein lies his salvation.

Perhaps one of the most interesting things in this book — for we must, it would seem, regard it as a meander rather than as a straight book about gardening — is the opportunity Mr. Meade gives us of seeing into an unusual side of many celebrities. Edna Millay and Flaming Fire marigolds; Ellen Glasgow and the "simple, familiar flowers" of her choice; Dorothy Canfield and her belief in the healing value of working in the earth — here we learn wisdom of the true amateur.

And it is this that we carry away with us from *Bouquets and Bitters* — not the gossipy side to the book, which chatters of the Hollywood star with a hoe, but the satisfaction of digging and tending, be it even a row of plants upon a window sill, and the eternal power of the earth as the great balancer of human emotion.

Clare Leighton

The Indians of the United States: *Four Centuries of Their History and Culture,* by Clark Wissler (Doubleday, Doran; $3.75).

So conditioned are we to the romantic concept of the American Indian as a warrior with tomahawk in one hand and scalping knife in the other that we are prone to forget that he was also a human being. For ten thousand years in America he slowly developed an infinite variety of cultures and languages and devised an adequate basic economy in accordance with his environment. It is only with the arrival of white men when Indian development was at its peak that we note the beginning of four hundred years of conflict which did not end until the aggressive frontier had reached the Pacific. This tale of conflict Dr. Wissler has told with sympathy and clarity. Perhaps none is better prepared than he to tell it.

Eight great families, each composed of tribes having languages of common origin, peopled the United States in pre-Columbian days; and each in turn felt the impact of the advancing white frontier. Evicted from their homeland, with their culture and economy destroyed and many of their number slaughtered or sold into slavery, they wandered, or were driven from place to place — but always westward, in search of a permanent new home. Though Dr. Wissler has been kinder than some, he has made it plain that the banishment of the Indian was fraught with cruelty, misunderstanding, and betrayal by the white pioneers and that, when at last, spent and defenseless, the Indian was herded into "concentration camps" on reservations and left to die, it is not to the credit of the white man or his government that he did not. It is not a pretty tale but it is absorbing and should help to create a new and more accurate picture of the struggle and the men who engaged in it. Today Indian population is increasing, and there is evidence of a renaissance of Indian culture.

Indians of the United States presents the Indian as a human being, steeped in his tribal culture, passionately fond of his children, his traditions, and his home, willing to fight to preserve a place for himself free of encroachment. Altogether it makes a distinguished beginning for the new American Museum of Natural History Science Series.

Herbert V. Carman, Jr.

The Well Tempered Listener, by Deems Taylor (Simon & Schuster, $2.50).

Music Here and Now, by Ernst Krenek (Norton, $3.00).

A Smattering of Ignorance, by Oscar Levant (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00).

Deems Taylor is a critic who composes. Ernst Krenek is a composer turned critic. Oscar Levant is a coast-to-coast conspiracy, and how he manages to survive it is anybody's guess.

Their points of view could scarcely be more

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unlike. Yet their recent books share honors for muscular realism. Four-star anecdotes; brilliant speculation: these lead repeatedly to certain vexing problems of the musician in our time.

What shall determine the nature of contemporary music — the conviction of the composer or the tastes of the audience? If the majority of listeners today demand a repetitious nineteenth-century bill of fare, many of the ablest composers are writing for 1975 or later. Does their success, as Mr. Levant suggests, lie through the theatre rather than the concert hall? In the small "operas without elephants," composed for traveling companies of five or six persons, that Mr. Krenek advocates? What are the possibilities and limitations of *Gebrauchmusik* (that is, utility music, written to order for some ulterior purpose like radio drama or the screen)? And, in view of the reluctance of most organizations to produce new music, how are its composers to establish a much needed contact with their own generation?

Probably no one has contributed more to the relief of this painful anachronism than Deems Taylor. For all its humor and discursive charm, *The Well Tempered Listener* is in effect a practical work of mediation. When Mr. Taylor sympathizes with the average listener and his insatiable demand for "more melody," he does not ignore the fact that progress means an inevitable change in the current idiom. He does ask, very reasonably, that the composer learn to think naturally in this modified idiom before springing it on an apprehensive public. As for *Gebrauchmusik*, Mr. Taylor gives us the movie composer whose problem was to convey the feelings of a county superintendent on learning that the appropriation for the high school had been vetoed. Concerning the absurd system which literally forces the American newspaper critic to cover the last half of an evening concert by divination, Mr. Taylor's vigorous objections deserve the Prix de Rome.

At long last Ernst Krenek's *Music Here and Now* appears as a definitive answer to considerable lay curiosity regarding "atonality" — that special technic of composition which during the last two decades has won such notoriety for Mr. Krenek, Alban Berg, and other disciples of Arnold Schoenberg. *Tonal* music, be it said, is music in a key. *Atonal* music is simply music in *no* key. The familiar repertory — Bach, Mozart, Tchaikovsky — is all tonal music. We have long taken this tonality for granted, forgetting that its beginnings were wholly experimental. The first tonal works were quite as arbitrary (quite dissonant, also, to the Renaissance ear) as the strenuous contemporary effort to enlarge the musical language. But *Music Here and Now* is only incidentally an exposition of atonality. Primarily it is a convincing long-range analysis of the problem of the musical progressive. It not only announces a new order in music but reports in detail

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on the hazards of pioneering it. Mr. Krenek's enormous technical background (most atonalists were highly successful tonal composers — so it isn't sour grapes!), plus an impressive historical mastery, makes this a "must" book for students. Particularly, the section called "The Concept of Music in the Western World" should be required reading for apprentices.

The legend is gross caricature which has Oscar Levant a venomous Timon of Athens, operating joylessly from a cave somewhere off Times Square. Actually, in *A Smattering of Ignorance* he has a sulky good word for almost everybody — everybody, that is, except Oscar Levant, who is an adept at that appeal direct to the mothering instinct which consists of presenting oneself scornfully in the worst possible light. The effect of this bittersweet fortitude sustained for 267 pages is positively heartbreaking, and by now dear old ladies all over the land are probably knitting him mittens.

The truth is, of course, that Mr. Levant is much meaner (and funnier) than his best fans pretend, which keeps his solo from becoming a discordant version of *Hearts and Flowers* with brass. His masterly study of the species Movie Producer breathes all the mellowed charity of a dying cobra. (Also see his playful dissection of the genus Symphony Conductor.) His saga of the Harpo Marx tourist home should quickly provide him, assuming that some of the guests still read, with more celebrated ex-friends than any living composer. Finally (though the error may be a plant, shyly designed to deprecate an awesome reputation for infallibility), one must hunt with the pack and point out that Chopin's Funeral March never was nor will be in the B-Minor Sonata. A half-tone sharp there, Mr. Levant!

ROBERT OFFERGELD

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA, *1883–1939*, by IRVING KOLODIN (Oxford, $3.75).

This book, when it first appeared four years ago, was hailed as the only definitive history of New York's opera house. Correlating much hitherto inaccessible newspaper material, such as reviews of the old Academy of Music and the (comparatively) new Metropolitan Opera House, *The Metropolitan Opera* quickly became a standard reference book and brought much credit to its author, Irving Kolodin, of the *New York Sun's* music staff.

In the second edition, just brought out, Mr. Kolodin has carried his narrative through the season of 1938–39, with pungent comments on the present million-dollar drive to save the opera house. "It is plain," he claims in the epilogue to his recent chapters, "that the losers would be the subscribers to such a fund, who would be forced to endure for a period of unspecified length an opera already long superannuated, indeed unsatisfactory from the first night's performance of *Faust*."

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Whether or not one agrees with the author's contention, the taking of sides does not injure the ultimate reference value of his book; for it is next to impossible, living through an age and participating in it as actively as Mr. Kolodin, to present a social panorama without touching on the controversial. This he has done in a dignified and forceful manner which makes one respect, if not always endorse, his opinions.

One of the chief virtues of Mr. Kolodin's book is its delving into nearly all the available data concerning the opera and its offering the reader a vital cross section of Metropolitan activity for reference purposes. Occasionally, however, the author invalidates fine material by an approach that is too subjective. When he records the debut of a soprano still with the company in this wise — "A plump secondary singer . . . began a long series of uneventful services" — he is drawing entirely on his own viewpoint, which, though authoritative, is only one part of the critical scene. Such lapses, however, are infrequent.

A further table of performances in the rear of the book now brings the volume completely up to date. In rereading the earlier portions, there is again occasion to admire Mr. Kolodin's valuable inclusions of performances by the visiting Chicago Opera Company, with its historic mountings of French lyric drama, and his account of the German Opera Company, from whose ranks Friedrich Schorr, Editha Fleischer, and Alexander Kipnis eventually were graduated into the Metropolitan.

There are one or two slight inaccuracies in the recent chapters. On page 518 we find that "Manski replaced Thorborg as Herodias," while the author undoubtedly meant to say that Mme. Manski replaced Karin Branzell. Another slip concerns the Opera Guild rehearsal of *Otello*, when Gina Cigna substituted for Eide Norena as Desdemona, only to yield place at the *première* to Elizabeth Rethberg. This incident is told with some slight confusion. With all the material which has been carefully sifted by Mr. Kolodin, however, one or two such errors are mere flyspecks. The new edition of *The Metropolitan Opera* is a necessary adjunct to any musical library.

ROBERT LAWRENCE

WAR IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: *a Symposium, edited by* WILLARD WALLER (Random House; $3.00).

Herewith Professor Waller of Barnard College unveils an impressive idea: the scientific dissection of war by a group of selected specialists. The result is a volume of fifteen essays by thirteen gifted writers, each dealing with certain social, economic, or historical aspects of the subject.

Unfortunately for the impressive idea, however, most of the authors bogged down in their own blazing sincerity. They couldn't remain scientific and impartial. Some of them hate war so bitterly that they weren't sufficiently careful with their facts. They produced some magnificent writing, but it's not the kind of special pleading calculated to make converts. All the authors regard war somewhat as the late Mr. Coolidge's pastor regarded sin — they're agin it. They appear appalled at the discovery that soldiers frequently use bad language and sometimes get sweat on their shirts and blood on their hands.

Soldiers with a sense of humor may spend a happy half-hour chuckling over Dr. Harry Barnes's strategy and tactics and Professor Waller's army. Dr. Barnes is rather badly entangled in the details of the Schlieffen Plan and the First Marne, but any first classman at the U. S. Military Academy could straighten him out in three minutes. Straightening out Professor Waller might take longer — his army is an eerie organization which seems to be impartially composed of Balieff's Wooden Soldiers and Hitler's Storm Troopers.

Dr. David Krinkin succeeds in analyzing the Russian revolution and the Soviet state without once mentioning Leon Trotsky. He reminds us of Russia's repeated declarations that she doesn't desire "one inch of territory belonging to others." And Frances Winwar's delightful chapter on arts and artists devotes so much space to class consciousness, Dadaism, and *La Révolution Surréaliste* that there's none left for such topics as Sholem Asch and *The Nazarene*.

On the other hand, Harvard's Benjamin Higgens contributes an understandable discussion of currency devaluation to the chapter on economic war, and Minnesota's Clifford Kirkpatrick points unerringly at the resemblance between Fascism and communism. "It is difficult," he adds, "for a rich democracy to retain its pacifism without displaying a national weakness, which is a temptation to aggression on the part of militaristic fascist countries."

LOWELL M. LIMPUS

INSIDE EUROPE (*1940 war edition*), by JOHN GUNTHER (Harper; $3.50).

John Gunther calls Russia "Duranty's Inferno," and Walter Duranty calls Gunther's *Inside Europe* "the best book about Europe anyone ever wrote." It is a pleasure for this reviewer to be able to agree with both Gunther and Duranty, in one sentence.

Gunther's European book has had an interesting history and one of almost unparalleled success. It first appeared in January, 1936, with a total length of 180,000 words. The new "war" edition of 1940 contains approximately 265,000 words. In between, there appeared half a dozen other revisions or editions, in which the author and publisher co-operated in keeping the useful volume up-to-date. And up-to-date it certainly is. A new introduction reviews, in some detail, the first four months of the second Armageddon, and throughout the book are to be

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found wartime touches which line up men and movements to front-page proportions.

But there is more: the Czech crisis of 1938 and the Munich "settlement." The subsequent rapes of Prague and Albania follow on, and so does the Teuto-Polish wrangle over Danzig and the Corridor, which led into the tangled diplomacy of last August and into war. The Russo-German pact, that "unbelievable" event, and the Russian war on Finland take their places beside the eighteen-day German *Blitzkrieg* which captured Warsaw and overthrew the Polish dictatorship. Mr. Gunther has overlooked nothing. More than newsy, he is encyclopaedic.

Other additions deal with Daladier, Litvinov, Ciano, Grandi, Umberto, Churchill, Gamelin, Pius; the Spanish civil war, the English war cabinet; Russian trials, the Åland islands, Finnish leaders. There is an excellent index — also a new map.

There are, of course, a few flies in the ointment — or so it seems to your reviewer. Gunther is almost unreasonably sentimental over France (a failing of foreign correspondents oftener than of tourists). Here he tends to gloss things over. Another point is his tendency to overpersonalize history, which, after all, is an impersonal blind alley. Says he: "Unresolved personal conflicts in the lives of various European politicians may contribute to the collapse of our civilization." But he tends to turn loose Freud, as it were, only on those of whom he disapproves.

Be that as it may, regardless of the proverbial rightness of fifty million Frenchmen, Gunther has maintained his top-notch volume without a falter through the gathering years and editions. It has "made" fourteen languages, including the Estonian. And, on a modest scale, Gunther plans to keep up keeping it up.

ROGER SHAW

EUROPE TO LET. by STORM JAMESON (Macmillan, $2.50).

What Robert Briffault's novels have done on a grand scale this strange story attempts more modestly but with striking effect. Western Europe, as it came year by year closer to explosion, repelled and fascinated both writers. They have an uncanny ability to make almost physically real a pervading sense of decay. Both are artists at revelatory dialogue and both, curiously enough, have failed to give us very convincing characters in the narrators of their stories.

Against four central-European settings Miss Jameson has pictured men and women of many sorts who "cling to Europe as to a raft." There are the scared ones who rock the boat, the valiant who try to save it, and the crafty and the evil who delight in kicking at the clutching fingers of the weak or defenseless. There is a love story, beautifully written, and half a dozen memorable episodes which dramatize the problems of the Jews. Rather than interweave so many complicated threads, the author has told four separate stories, with an absorbing chronicle of Czechoslovakia's betrayal as her climax. This is a subtle piece of work, sometimes a little too cleverly maneuvered but sharp and insistent in its appeal to the reason — and the heart.

MARY L. ELTING

INDIA INK. by PHILIP STEEGMAN (Morrow; $3.00).

THROUGH CHINA'S WALL. by GRAHAM PECK (Houghton Mifflin; $3.00).

No travel book today can altogether avoid war and politics. But the fireside traveler can come nearer to relaxed adventuring with Artists Peck and Steegman than with most writers on the East. One has traveled the "long old road to China" with keen eyes, open nostrils, sharp ears, and pointed pencil; the other has traversed India, penetrating even into forbidden Nepal with the aid of his paintbrush and an obviously ingratiating personality. No more original, informal journal than Mr. Steegman's has come out of India since Ackerly's excellent *Hindoo Holiday* some years back. And Mr. Peck has rivaled LeRoy Baldridge in his drawings and sketches of Chinese types endless in variety.

Traveler Steegman mixed freely with natives, enjoyed conversations with holy gurus, tried opium, encountered a fakir with leprosy who proved strangely prophetic, romped through the *grande semaine* in New Delhi ("the last of a fine tradition which began with the Caesars"), saw a "must" elephant kill a mahout, and attended a merchant's party where the entrancing dancing girls turned out to be youths. Mr. Steegman is nothing if not scathing about British officialdom in India. In his intuitiveness and impertinence, he makes us see India not as a mystery but as scarred, venerable, and humorless, as transcendental as the Sphinx. He is perpetually good company. He does his own thinking — but without finality. He should avoid historical summaries and philosophical digressions and remain a superb impressionist.

Mr. Peck had two thousand dollars and an itch to see China. For a while he indulged in the graceful languors of life then still possible in Peking. When hostilities began, he forsook that fantastic city for the interior. His greatest skill as a writer lies in blending impressions of the race and background of Chinese life with acute comments on the Japanese invasion. He visited Szechwan, the "hidden" province, and the amazing city of Chungking. He joined the Chinese Red Cross and remained till it was disbanded by Japanese command. He plans to go back to record, with brush and crayon, the Chinese tribes before they are demoralized or annihilated.

E. V. A.

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The Poet and His Audience

by **ELIZABETH DREW**

THE SPIRIT of the poet, like that of all other men, is conditioned by two forces — personality and environment. Rousseau said we must choose either to be individuals or to be members of a community — but we must be both; we have no choice. The poet is an individual, possessing a certain physical, mental, and emotional constitution which makes him unique. He is intensely conscious of this. One of the impulses behind his writing of poetry is the urge not only to interpret experience to others but to clarify and objectify it to himself, to incarnate his consciousness in a verbal pattern which shall give, as it were, another body to his own spirit. But his own spirit does not function in a vacuum but in an environment. Whitman's "O Me! O Life!" is every poet's motto, and "life" means that he is alive at a particular epoch of the world's history and in particular religious, political, social, and cultural surroundings. The influence of these is pervasive and inescapable. A poet may be in sympathy with his environment or in revolt from it; he may accept it or attack it or attempt to elude it; but the very fact that he is alive and functions in it is a proof that he is on *some* sort of terms with it. What those terms are will be either implicit or explicit in his poetry.

But the position which the poet has had in the community of which he is a member has been modified profoundly during the course of history. In the drama and epic of the ancient world, poetry was at the heart of both the religion and the entertainment of the people, and the poet, therefore, was the life-giver to both. But, during the last four hundred years, cultural and economic changes have revolutionized the position of the poet. Gradually he lost touch with the general life of the community as a whole: he became detached, a member of a specialized group called "men of letters"; and his influence shrank to the reading public, a small minority. For many generations, however, men of letters continued to play perhaps a major part in creating the culture of their day. They tended to be groups actively concerned with national and social ideas as well as with artistic ones. They deepened the reality and spread the scope of the fundamental values held by the intelligent society for which they wrote. In theatre, salon, coffeehouse, club, or academy of letters, literature retained its character as a publicly cultivated interest and amusement: the poet functioned in a social framework (although an increasingly limited one) and still possessed the strength which comes from participation in a positive communal outlook.

But, while the value of a positive communal outlook cannot be overemphasized in a social culture, its importance for the individual poet can be and is very much overemphasized among the young poets of today. The history of literature proves that poetry has gained as much or more from poets who have set up an autonomy in their own kingdom as from those who have enjoyed the cozier comfort which is drawn from a sense of a united standard of value. When a modern critic bemoans that "when the artist lost contact with the people, something vital went out of his art," he forgets that something equally vital might have come into it. The great poet as often as not has been a deliberate rebel from the social consciousness of his own age. Every poet would no doubt enjoy a totalitarian public of his own way of thinking, but poetry can spring as strongly out of resistance as from acceptance, and the doctrine of the congenial period will not bear scrutiny. All the modern talk of the incapacity of the artist to function in this, that, or the other social and economic environment can be disproved by any study of the past. Poetry has been written under monarchies, democracies, dictatorships, in times of religious and political persecution, in war and in peace; it has been written by peasants and by princes, by scholars and scamps, by hermits and cosmopolitans, by revolutionaries and by quietists, by priests, by rationalists, and by madmen. It is much tougher than its timorous critics realize.

But to point this out is not to deny that it is obviously easier to write well in a community dominated by a common cultural outlook with which the poet is in sympathy and that communities in which poetry has performed its richest social service have always been of this character — societies such as that of Athens in the fifth century B.C. or that of Elizabethan England. For the kinship or antipathy which exists between the poet and his audience frequently modifies the use, as it were, he can make of his own personality. We all know from experience how differently our own individual consciousness reacts to a sympathetic, a stimulating, a hostile, or an indifferent audience; and exactly the same thing applies to the relationship of the poet and the community in which he works. Indeed, the fact that the artist possesses a sensibility beyond the average makes him peculiarly impressionable to his

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environment and the temper of his times. The great poet, as we have seen, can dominate any environment. If he can consort in a vital sympathy with the faith and culture of his own day, he swims triumphantly on the crest of the whole tide of his time, like Shakespeare or Pope; but equally he can achieve fullness of living by a conscious revolt from the age in which he is writing, by challenging it and defying it in the strength of his own individual values, like Wordsworth or Whitman. The poets of less dynamic temperament cannot achieve this. There are always the happy few who can content themselves in a congenial isolation: poets such as the seventeenth-century religious lyrists or Blake or Emily Dickinson or Hardy. But there are many who are defeated by their environment if they are out of sympathy with it.

II

IT IS LONELINESS which is tormenting the poets of our own age — and justly. For there has certainly never been an age when poetry was so completely divorced from national and communal life as it has been for the last twenty years. Why is it that in fifty years or so there has been such a complete cultural change? In the answer is involved the whole character of our contemporary civilization.

Political, economic, and class struggles have disintegrated the old homogeneous nineteenth-century society, producing everywhere a profound awareness of insecurity and instability. At the same time, undreamed-of advances in scientific and technical achievement have steadily encroached on every area of work and play. Progress has been measured everywhere by mechanical and materialistic standards. In industry "the ritual of the endless belt, the sequence of cog and tooth" has everywhere replaced the rhythmic creation of man's own hands.

In amusement, the same forces have operated, and the same standards hold good; so that now not only the vast multitude of what we might call the ignorantia, but also large sections of the so-called intelligentsia are exposed perpetually to the hypnotic appeal of the motion picture, the radio, and the popular press — amusements which, instead of stimulating their spiritual and mental faculties and opening their eyes and ears to invigorating experience, seem rather to conspire to suffocate their intelligence and to sap their energy of mind by providing merely passive diversion to which they need bring no active co-operation whatever.

The result of all this has been to create not so much a hostility as a vast and increasing indifference and inattention to cultural values among the vast majority of the population, emerging in a sharp and deep cleavage between the many — to whom literature means some variety of journalism, good or bad, some form of information and amusement — and the few — to whom it means art.

Poets in all ages have possessed a finer consciousness than that of the ordinary man. But in earlier days the emphasis fell on the amount poets possessed in *common* with the ordinary man. The basis of their communication was the intellectual and emotional experience of the community, plus the values of revelation and interpretation which their own finer powers made possible. Now it is the degree of consciousness which the poet possesses in *excess* of the ordinary man on which the emphasis falls and which he aims to communicate. The great nineteenth-century writers were the last who appealed to all social grades, who could feel that they were addressing a homogeneous society which shared the cultural tradition of which they were themselves the literary embodiment and to whom they could speak in the language of common human experience.

Bad feelings on both sides have hardened the divorce between poetry and the reading public, so that, while one side declares justly that never has there been a public with such execrable taste and blank ignorance about poetry, the other side retorts equally justly that never have poets taken less pains to satisfy the human needs of their readers or been ruder about their readers' shortcomings.

In rebellion against the quality of the society around him, feeling all its spiritual disorganization and communal dislocation, the poet withdrew into the only world in which he could feel sure of himself — the world of his art. Here he made his awareness of his own individuality the substance of his poetry and his expression of that his sole contribution to the cultural content of the community. Poets tended to be mainly the same *type* of personality: the type who feels with abnormal acuteness but feels *narrowly*, who experiences life intensely rather than profoundly or comprehensively, whose nervous system is more developed than his common human emotions, and who feels himself both a rebel from and superior to the common social standards.

Meanwhile, the increased specialization in every branch of life, which is another symptom of the modern world, cut the poet off not only from the general community but even from his intellectual equals in other fields. His audience became a narrow literary coterie or a set of different coteries, out of all contact with the solid body of contemporary cultivated society, so that it sometimes appears as if his relations with his fellow men are limited to fulsome praise of the members of his own group and embittered attacks on members of other groups. Instead of the poet's being a man talking to men or even a member of the intelligentsia, he became an artist talking to other artists or an artist talking to himself. The result is that the supreme interest of literature in the last twenty years has been in experimental technique. When this happens, it means that poetry has become rootless, for the roots of poetry are in life, not in craft.

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Thirty Shells and Drama

by **LETA CLEWS CROMWELL**

In Madrid, in 1937, while waiting for an offensive, Ernest Hemingway wrote his first play, *The Fifth Column*. It was published last spring, and is now flourishing at the Alvin Theatre in New York, against what would seem like insurmountable odds: the Spanish War is dead and buried, and our eyes turned elsewhere; also, we now talk much less about fighting, especially fighting for ideals. Most important, Mr. Benjamin Glazer's adaptation of *The Fifth Column* has conventionalized and cheapened the original, so that, while it plays like a house afire, it is largely tripe.

The Fifth Column is a play about counterespionage in Madrid, with a young American journalist moved to work for the loyalists as one of their agents. (The rebels, with four columns advancing on Madrid, claimed a "fifth column" of sympathizers within the city, ready to attack the defenders from the rear.) Up to his neck in intrigue that sickens him more and more as time goes on, Philip Rawlings flirts with the idea of desertion. Through his carelessness a young recruit is murdered, and he is very near to yielding to the plea of a girl with whom he has fallen in love — that he turn his back on Spain and escape with her to the world outside. But he finds that he cannot stop working while such a thing as Fascism exists.

Franchot Tone, as Philip Rawlings, seems to have caught from Mr. Hemingway that sense of conviction which is largely responsible for the play's success. It is a great pity that Philip's renunciation of the world does not, as in the original, follow hard on the sickening killing of the German general; it was a neat bit of irony. And Mr. Benjamin Glazer has unfortunately omitted his hero's most important line: "We're in for fifty years of undeclared wars, and I've signed up for the duration."

Mr. Glazer has worked very hard at toning up an author whose hallmark is understatement; at shifting scenes around, sharpening situations, manufacturing a climax, and at adding some vivid scenes of his own — among other things, a rape.

The Glazer cleaning process is indeed a paradox. According to Hemingway, the girl, Dorothy, was "lazy and spoiled, and rather stupid, and enormously on the make"; she was also very beautiful, friendly, and not overmoral. He lumps her with all American girls who come to Europe with a certain amount of money. She was a big blonde with a cultivated voice. She wrote, quite well, when she was not too lazy. Mr. Hemingway says her name might also have been Nostalgia, and she represented the gay world to which Philip longed to return.

Dorothy turns up in Mr. Glazer's version as a small, quiet, respectable girl (played by Katherine Locke) who tempts Philip with the prospect of a home and family. This Dorothy didn't come to Spain for the sheer sport of it; she tripped in on trim high heels looking for her lost brother and is most anxious to trip out again.

It is true that Anita (Lenore Ulric) comes directly from Mr. Hemingway, who must have found her among his memories of *Tiger Rose*. She's that Spanish spitfire who "wants scratch you eyes out" and who to this department is definitely not "hokay." Max, the German boy with the butchered face, counts for a good deal more than in the original, and is movingly played by Lee Cobb. And Mr. Glazer has given us that brief glimpse of the drunken little electrician who "frankly resembles a catastrophe" and whose unforgettable scene is in the best Theatre Guild tradition.

In the preface to the published version, Ernest Hemingway mentioned the fact that the hotel in Madrid where he was working was struck by more than thirty high-explosive shells and he added: "So if it is not a good play perhaps that is what is the matter with it. If it is a good play, perhaps those some thirty shells helped write it." That question of merit can hardly be settled on the basis of the present venture into the theatre, but at all events, those thirty shells are probably responsible for the great sincerity of its creed. One might add that *The Fifth Column* is absorbing reading.

Only as an afterthought, one could wish that Mr. Hemingway's warriors might be a little less tough, embittered, sardonic, and *virile* and that we could get away for a moment from the atmosphere of naked nerves and everyone fed up. It would be an experience to have a Hemingway he-man bowled over by a girl's *mind* and some day even grow up perhaps and have Nostalgia for something other than champagne cocktails at the Ritz, skiing, a spot of salmon fishing, Budapest in the springtime, and breakfast in bed with brioche and strawberry jam.

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II

THERE IS little doubt but that dramatic critics, if they had the choice, would rather see a good mystery play around town than have Booth return to play Hamlet. Thrillers have a way of slinking off after one performance, perhaps because they have to go over immediately, like rockets, or not at all. The play called *Ladies in Retirement*, which comes to us from England, will raise your hair nicely and manages to be extremely attractive as well.

Almost at the end of nowhere — at Gravesend, in fact — there lived a very kind old lady who kept her money in the oven. She was a very gay old lady, with a red wig and many, many bright taffeta dresses. She had really been on the stage once, in the very front row of the chorus and she loved to sing and dance. Anyhow, because she was so kind, she had asked a poor friend of hers to come and live with her as her companion. The friend was tall and thin and always wore black. She never had any fun at all, because she had always had two old aunts to look after and they were not quite right in the head. But she loved them very, very much and one day she asked the kind lady if they couldn't come for a visit; being so kind, the lady said yes; and they came.

For a while they all lived oh so happily together, until the kind lady became sad at having her lovely house messed up all the time; and finally she told the poor companion that the visitors must go back to London. The poor companion begged and begged to have them stay, but the kind lady said no. So one night, when the kind lady was sitting at the piano, singing a song called *Tit Willow*, the poor companion came downstairs with a rope.

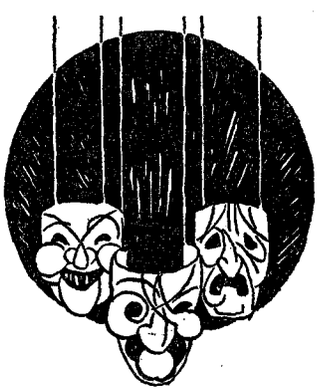
So much for the first act. The moral is obvious: kindness doesn't pay, as Ellen, the poor companion, finds out when she shelters a nosy, unscrupulous nephew from the police. She is finally obliged to point out to him that the first murder is always the hardest. Aside from that unsurpassed moment of horror, the plot drags some after the kind lady's demise, but this is more than made up for by the humor and characterization.

A tigress with her cubs, says Nephew Albert of Ellen and her two "potty" aunts. There should be an Aunt Louisa in every home: gay, youthful, and slightly *débraillée*, playing with her beloved telescope and saying things like "I know we are watched over but I never quite know *what's* watching!" — in fact, she should be just like Miss Estelle Winwood. Aunt Emily is the cross one, who feels it her duty to keep the river banks looking tidy; she's something of a nuisance, bringing vines and shells and driftwood into the house.

The authors, Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, have penetrated amazingly into faraway minds filled with flashes of intuition and sudden suspicions. In dealing with Ellen, oddly enough, they are less successful — the contrast between the poor companion and the murderess is too sharp for complete credibility; and Miss Flora Robson, making her debut in the American theatre, seemed, in Ellen's gentler moments, a trifle unsure of herself. However, when called on to be sinister, looking for all the world like Eugene O'Neill's Electra, she seemed almost heroic. We thank you for your various kind offices to us, gracious ladies.

This same spring brings us a revival of *Liliom*. It's good to have the theatre up and around again, after one of the most sickening winters on record in New York. Molnar's beautiful play was produced here first in 1920 and again in 1932. Vinton Freedley is having a go at it this time, with Ingrid Bergman playing her first stage role in English — her Julie has great dignity, understanding, and radiance. If Burgess Meredith played only half as well as he actually does, he would still give a mighty fine interpretation of Liliom, the proud, wild, lazy barker of the Budapest amusement parks.

Molnar's *Liliom* needs no introduction, but there is one thing this column would like to say. If sixteen years of purification by fire left no mark on his stubborn, wayward spirit, Liliom may never get to heaven at all; at this moment the lone wolf may be roasting below. But there's one heaven where he can be found: it's where characters in fiction go. And Liliom is sitting on the right hand of Hamlet, probably telling him to move over.



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Our Rostrum*

The War: Three Angles

To the Editor:

I have read with considerable interest the article "Self-Government and Isolation" by Richard B. Scandrett, Jr., in the April issue of your magazine. He has expressed, with unusual clarity and conciseness of thought, the fundamental errors of the isolationists. In addition, he has offered for the American people a creed or attitude with respect to the existing war that is both sound and reasonable.

It is a pleasure to read an article of this quality.

Gullie B. Goldin

Gammans & Goldin, Attorneys at Law
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The letter ["A Letter from Sweden"] received from your friend Sven Hedin and published in the April number, is nothing else but a clear piece of Nazi propaganda — notwithstanding its authorship.

In the writer's humble opinion, it should have gone into the waste basket or been preserved in private files, inasmuch as it maintains and upholds the position which Germany has assumed since the war began — namely, that of a country which has been grievously wronged.

Sven Hedin says that a great and proud people cannot be annihilated. True enough — in its relation to Germans who are really great in an intellectual and humanitarian sense — nobody wants them liquidated — but it would be an eminent relief to the world if the proud, arrogant Germans were consigned to the ash can, and they are in the majority in Nazidom today and also yesterday.

The policies pursued by the German nation since 1866, give the lie to any assertion that Germany as a whole, is a peace-loving nation.

Let Dr. Sven Hedin toot his illustrious horn in Sweden or Germany — England and France are closer to us in every way than Germany ever could be — and it is the writer's hope that this country will voice its sympathy for the allies in a more substantial way than it has shown to date. And this applies to The Forum, also!

G. D. Yeager

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editor:

W. H. [William Henry] Chamberlin's "The War to End Europe" in your March issue is likely to leave the reader full of dreadful foreboding. On a little reflection, however, things may not turn out as badly as he would lead us to believe. A comparison between the present conflict and the Peloponnesian war that ended the civilization of Greece is hardly convincing. Much water has passed under the bridge since then, and helotry and almost universal illiteracy have gone with it. The average man is much better educated and more likely to be brought to his senses by the impending ruin of a disastrous course. The prophets of Utopia and Inferno are alike nearly always in the wrong. Nothing ever appears as good as was hoped for or as bad as was feared. As a Canadian of English birth my sympathies are naturally with the Allies, but on a visit to Germany a little over a year ago, the people I met did not strike me as inhuman monsters at all. At that time I found among those I met a pro-British feeling rather than otherwise. Nor did I find among the tolerant, peace loving British, any real hostility to the German people, though the upper classes undoubtedly shared Mr. Chamberlin's horror of Russia. In fact so far in the present war I have heard of none of the hymns of hate of Germany or the atrocity stories of the Allies. On the other hand there have been efforts on both sides by peaceful propaganda each to convince the other that they are in the wrong. All this gives more hope for a reasonable conclusion of the present war than the vindictive lying of the last.

It will be a dark day for this continent if European civilization is destroyed. In this age of electric ties it is impossible that one considerable section of humanity can be swept into the whirlpool without others being affected by its spreading eddies. I do not think it will come to this for the simple reason that people do not want to be destroyed or to have their liberty and comfort entirely swept away. In spite of all the Dark Ages of the past the soaring spirit of mankind refuses either to be winged or caged. Through famine, pestilence and war we have still forged forward, and many of us still believe that:

"Through all ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

James Morton

Victoria, B. C.

The Catholic Church

To the Editor:

I think it is true, "Throw lots of mud, some of it will stick," for some will believe the audacious liar, N. V. Fetterly, so called, who contributes ["The

These columns are open to brief letters commenting on any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

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Catholic Church Needs —"] to the current [April] issue of THE FORUM. Accept the challenge, tell the name of the town in the Middle West from whence this Ananias hails. I'm sure you can't do it, but such redoubtable champions of truth (?) will welcome such an inquiry. Do come out into the open. I have no desire to take this trash seriously and so bolster up your circulation, but among the few who do subscribe I will circulate a criticism of your lack of editorship, not to say intelligence, which will be a menace to your circulation. It's too late in the day to pass on that kind of bunkum to red-blooded Americans, it's an insult to the intelligence of even the rabble among your readers!

JULIA A. STARKEY

Cambridge, Mass.

THE FORUM *cannot reveal additional information about Author Fetterly without his consent. It will, however, forward to any contributor communications addressed by readers in care of* THE FORUM.

To the Editor:

I beg to submit this bit of unsolicited praise for THE FORUM, to which I am a subscriber and a delighted and close monthly reader.

Particularly interesting and gratifying to me is the article in your current April number, entitled "The Catholic Church Needs —" by N. V. Fetterly.

I want to congratulate Mr. Fetterly for having the intelligence and courage to write this fine criticism of the Catholic church (with every word of which I, as a Protestant, agree) and you for having had the exemplary courage to publish such an article.

It seems to me most of the points raised by this sound criticism are unanswerable.

O. BYRON COPPER, *Registrar*
Office of Register of Deeds, Dodge County
Fremont, Neb.

THE CHRISTIAN FRONT

To the Editor:

I am glad to see a magazine as balanced and moderate as THE FORUM give space to [Theodore] Irwin's "Inside the 'Christian Front'" [March issue]. Of course those of us who are concerned with the preservation of American democracy have been vaguely aware of the situation but it should be less easy to dismiss the various "Fronters" and the shirt boys as harmless exhibitionists and their leaders as futile crackpots after the bit of calm daylight Mr. Irwin turns on them in his article.

There are at least two further aspects of the subject I should like to see discussed. First, the psychological. In Silone's *The School for Dictators*, Thomas, the Cynic, says:

"It is now an established fact that as a consequence of international wars, civil wars, and prolonged unemployment a wave, and epidemic, of psychological dissociation occurs, a process by which an ever-increasing number of individuals cease to function normally. A gradual atrophy of their higher mental qualities takes place and at the same time a gradual hypertrophy of their lower mental faculties, the simple automatic ones. . . . Physical insecurity and uncertainty about their livelihood, if protracted for years, lead even the most normal, most cultured, best-educated men back into a state of primitive anxiety, a state that after many centuries of development seemed definitely to have been superseded. That, . . . is the state of grace in which Fascists are formed; . . ."

And then there is the perhaps even more difficult aspect, the financial one, which Mr. Irwin just touched upon. If we are to be sold out by those whom we have enriched to such a fantastic extreme of power, it might make the game at least a bit more diverting to be able to watch something of the try-outs for the role of America's Thyssen.

MARI SANDOZ

Lincoln, Neb.

To the Editor:

Unity, coherence and emphasis are the three qualities recommended for all forms of English writing. The article, "Inside the 'Christian Front'" by Theodore Irwin, appearing in your magazine, lacked unity, coherence and emphasis.

W. L. SKIFFINGTON

Cincinatti, O.

IN DEFENSE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

To the Editor:

Mrs. Anonymous ["I Can't Afford to Be Sick"; March FORUM] is indeed a bitter, cynical, disillusioned woman, who in her desperation for revenge strikes out at the first object in her path, which happens to be the Medical Profession, since it has been so closely and innocently associated with her in her burden of sickness. Now that her financial status is in reverse, and she can no longer command the "best" she severely criticises those who have generously and unhesitatingly served her in her time of need.

Who is she to say who is "Best?" Certainly a fabulous fee is no indication, for the shadow of death hangs just as surely over the fingers of the highly paid surgeons, as above those of an "inexperienced intern."

May I relate the words of a prominent Eye Specialist who, when asked the reason for his exorbitant fee, replied, "Well, the public tho't me incompetent when I performed operations for fifty dollars, so I had to raise it. Altho," he added, "my technique remains the same." So Mrs. Anonymous, and many like her, are fooling only themselves.

Because money has been, and obviously still is,

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her god she believes that nothing worthwhile can be obtained without it, and yet I have worked with Doctors who have given their undivided and expert attention to many patients, expecting nothing in return. When she turned toward them in her hour of need their concern was to save her life and the life of her unborn child, not of the fee awaiting them, and yet she feels, for them, nothing but contempt. Perhaps her unhappy confinement was the result of a disagreeable atmosphere created by her constant complaints, and inconsiderate demands, and that she expected special attention from a busy floor nurse.

If the true spirit of Motherhood were within her, she would have soothingly prepared her little son for the ordeal before him at the Doctor's office, instead, she sowed the seeds of fear and hate, which can only reap a harvest of regret.

Both my boys, to whom I'm devoted, underwent tonsillectomies at a Children's Hospital, where rules, which she termed inhuman, were observed. These rules have been made necessary to protect sick, nervous, post-operative children from neurotic mothers, such as she. They, like the majority of other children, hated to leave because of the fun and attention they had received. Many children are completely spoiled by overattention from nurses.

May I say that the fundamentals of education, lie not only between the covers of books, but in the sympathetic understanding of humanity and of learning to live with our neighbors.

After her fierce unreasoning hatred has cooled, she will begin to realize the greatness of the problems, and the humanitarianism of our wonderful Medical Profession. There *is* adequate medical attention available for all, but let us remember, if we accept charity we must obey its rules, not expect to make them.

JOAN W. MACINTOSH

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:

Very few persons can really "afford to be sick." It is equally probable that more than one-half the illness for which people apply to doctors is unnecessary. Successful living with a minimum of ill-health is a realizable condition. Preventive medicine has not been given half a hearing. Were the principles underlying healthful living, *which are now known and to be had for the asking*, taught to adolescent children, whether in the home or the school, there would be a marked diminution in the need for doctors and hospitals. One consecrated public health nurse trained in teaching personal health and dietetics in a school community is worth more to the cause of healthful living than a dozen doctors of the common garden variety.

As a young physician I worked for several years in public clinics. The hours were long, usually from nine A.M. until one P.M. Often over a hundred cases were seen during that time, the excellent head physician seeing every new case, and advising treatment in all cases, giving his services free. No doctors received fees for their work, and all remained until the last patient left, no matter how pressing outside interests might be. It should be remembered that patience, sympathy and fat fees do not necessarily go together. Doctors under state medicine will be just as good or bad as under any other system. It should also be remembered that doctors have rents to pay, wives who need Caesarian operations, and children with diseased tonsils.

The writer of this article found the waiting in the public clinic arduous. It is quite evident that not everyone can be seen first. As for gaining favorable attention by being "different," this is pure snobbishness. In fundamental ignorance of healthful living, she was probably a "sister under the skin" to the other women there; and doubtless there were other mothers waiting for treatment whose children needed them at home. We have seen persons in a ticket line trying to barge into the front of the line. Sometimes a restless person, trying to demonstrate how "different" she is from the common herd in a clinic, is seen, and gotten rid of, to keep the peace. In thinking that because she had not the money to visit a private clinic she was kept waiting for several hours she is mistaken. Recently I had occasion to send my daughter with her nurse to one of the most famous private clinics in the country. Her appointment was for 2 P.M. It was just 7:15 P.M. when they emerged. This is where regular fees are charged.

I note that Anonymous is about to study for a Master's Degree. May I suggest some advice found in a very old book called the BIBLE.

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with thy getting get understanding." Prov. IV-7.

RETIRED PHYSICIAN

Framingham, Mass.

LORD BALTIMORE'S CITY

Excerpts from comments we have had on "Elegant Indigence in Baltimore," by Audrey Granneberg, in the February FORUM:

Baltimore's correct and true status at or near the top of our metropolitan cities is too well known to warrant published defense. Olde Baltimore Towne survived the British broadsides back in 1812, so let us hope that Baltimore City can stand up under the Granneberg spitfire of 1940. — WM. W. CLOUD; *Baltimore*

It goes without saying that our City like most of the old Eastern ones has many objectionable features, slums and antiquated parts of the town, poor and illy cared for persons, both black and white, who due to National conditions at this time are

(*Continued on inside back cover*)

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Storm Warning in Puerto Rico

by **STIRLING THOMPSON**

VITAL TO THE TRADE of half the world is the Panama Canal, where troops in khaki have been pouring into the barracks at both Colon and Balboa since Europe took her plunge into war. Number-one military objective of any power that seeks to invade this hemisphere, the Canal's vulnerability and importance have affected the defense plans of the United States to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars. Any attack on the Canal, needless to say, would be more than enough to plunge us into the maelstrom of war.

The way to the Canal from the east is to be kept locked and doubly barred. The first line of defense, a line that curves in a graceful arc around the whole eastern periphery of the Caribbean Sea from Key West to South America, is being made stronger.

Key to that line of defense is the island of Puerto Rico, a rough rectangle ninety miles long by thirty-five miles wide, from which it is an easy hop either to Guantanamo or Trinidad. Into the new air base at San Juan alone our War Department is pouring nine million dollars. It has been estimated that present plans will call for the spending of a hundred millions on the defenses of the island.

Most Americans never dreamed that some day a far-off-sounding place called Puerto Rico would become important to our peace and security. In fact for forty-one years most Americans have thought of Puerto Rico, if they thought of it at all, vaguely as some somnolent little tropic paradise in the hazy ocean, a tiny speck somewhere away off on the horizon of our far flung imperium. Now from long obscurity Puerto Rico emerges as a place that is vital to the peace and safety of this entire hemisphere.

That statement can be taken not in the limited military sense alone but in a much broader political sense. For 1,800,000 Puerto Ricans are kin by race, language, temperament, and cultural tradition to the peoples of the twenty Latin American republics to the south of us, and twenty Latin-American republics have long watched our administration of Puerto Rico as an indicator of our feeling toward them. Just now they are watching it as a barometer of the sincerity of our "good neighbor" protestations; and not all that they see is to their liking.

THE STEPCHILD OF THE U. S.

THE GOOD-NEIGHBOR policy seeks to weld ourselves and the twenty other republics together into a system capable of defending our democratic institutions against any attack, external or internal. A single soft spot in the wall might prove infinitely costly.

If previous administrations had been able to foretell that one day our own safety might depend on the good will of each one of our neighbors to the south, if they had been able to foresee a shattering realignment of the powers of both Europe and the East, coupled to the threat of "totalitarian" war, they might have been more attentive to Puerto Rico's problems. Instead of that, procrastination allowed an ugly situation to develop. The maturing of that situation in the last few years has been signalized by both bloodshed and bad feeling. To the south, where the record of Puerto Rico hangs like a shadow over our love feast with twenty sovereign republics who know how to exact a price for their co-operation, the island has been dubbed "America's Ireland."

The island has already felt the entering wedge of the kind of agitation that prepared the way in Spain, Czechoslovakia, and Poland

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for military aggression by dictator states. The islanders' acute discontent makes them extremely vulnerable to such propaganda. In all the shouting and the tumult that finally burst into gunfire in Poland in September, while the dictators were shedding crocodile tears for "oppressed minorities" far and near, they did not overlook Puerto Rico. Two of them hurled the island's unrest in our teeth as a challenge to "democracy," and their jeers have been echoed a thousand times since by their agents everywhere from the Rio Grande to Patagonia. Agitators whose chief business it is to break up the Pan-American peace front keep one finger pointed permanently at Puerto Rico.

When Puerto Rico finally made the headlines of our newspapers, after nearly forty years of quiet affiliation with us under a common flag, it was with news of political assassination, attempts to "overthrow the government of the United States."

It all came of having remained so long on the doorstep, half-forgotten by the rest of the family, watching the celebration hungrily through the window. While American citizens of the north forgot that Puerto Rico belonged to us, American citizens of Puerto Rico did not forget. You should have seen their Fourth of July celebrations. Thousands of them marching, singing the national anthem, *their* anthem! They were passionately proud of the great commonwealth of which they were a part. They were proud of its democracy, proud of its great prosperity — they looked forward to a full share of both.

Now, most of them feel that they have shared in neither. After forty-one years under our flag, adding to our enrichment both in dollars and in culture, they can rise in righteous anger and ask: "What did *we* get out of it?" It is not easy to find an answer.

But an answer must be found. If it is not found, this country will have built her newest military base, key to all her defenses to the south, on shifting sands; whereas it should be built on solid rock, the friendship of 1,800,000 Puerto Ricans. If it is not found, then that shadow will always fall across the conference table whenever we may try to cement our friendship with twenty southern neighbors whom we need, in peace as friends, in war as allies.

The challenge which our chief Caribbean possession presents is briefly this: we must find a means by which 1,800,000 people can clothe, feed, and shelter themselves on an island which is roughly two thirds as large as Connecticut, some of which consists of unarable mountain slopes, more of which is arid, but much of which is among the best farm land in the world. Today the great mass of those people exists in a state of chronic semistarvation, and the cure is out of reach of the Puerto Ricans themselves. While the crisis is not new, it has deepened steadily, and in the past few years, for the first time since we took over the island, the islanders' resentment has expressed itself in violence.

Prosperous Years

While Puerto Rico never, in all her history, has been the "rich port" which her name implies, the beginnings of the present trouble go back to 1898, when the Treaty of Paris brought the island within our tariff system. A fertile, tropical land comparatively close to the mainland and within the tariff wall offered a promising field for investment. The island's commerce boomed under the rapid influx of new American capital. From $29,000,000 in 1901, its external trade shot up to $217,758,278 in 1921 — the crest of the war boom in the sugar market — and stood at $169,210,752 in 1939. The fact that Puerto Rican exporters could ship their goods duty-free to the mainland made the United States a favored market, while the coastwise shipping laws brought American steamship lines a growing share of their business.

As a result, the share of the United States in the island's external trade rose from 72 per cent in 1901 to 95 per cent in 1939, and three American steamship lines gained a virtual monopoly over the island's shipping. While the island's trade with foreign countries has remained at approximately the same level, its trade with the United States has multiplied nearly six times. Its external trade as a whole became larger, in proportion to its population, than that of any other Western Hemisphere area except Canada.

Meantime, signs of new prosperity were not long in making their appearance. An ambitious program of road building soon linked every point in the island, while increased industrial activity brought rapid expansion of railroad

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facilities. Modern schoolhouses dotted the countryside, with the result that at the last census illiteracy had been reduced from 79.6 per cent to 35 per cent.

Puerto Rico had coffee, sugar, and tobacco to sell. So did Cuba. But Puerto Rico's duty-free mainland market put Puerto Rico ahead in competition with neighboring countries. Comparative tables on the per capita consumption of such commodities as shoes, clothing, and certain food products show the Puerto Rican standard of living rising rapidly above that of Cuba, Santa Domingo, Haiti, Venezuela, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Moreover, statistics show what looks like an extremely "favorable" balance of trade for Puerto Rico during the years in which the American flag has fluttered above the Fortaleza.

At first glance the boom in the island's commerce seems to foretell a bright future for an industrious people. This picture's dark side is not so well known.

The Vanishing Landowner

In Puerto Rico herself those same years saw changes that were to hit the Puerto Rican *jibaro* below the belt. The *jibaro* is the countryman, farmer, farm laborer — the economic backbone of this primarily farming community.

Sugar cane had been grown for centuries, but Puerto Rico's inclusion within the tariff wall that guarded the rich mainland market changed the whole outlook in that industry. With modern efficiency methods applied, profits rose; and the price of land rose with them, rose to the unheard-of figure of one thousand dollars an acre.

At that price, land was out of reach of the small farmer producing food crops for the low-priced home market. The small farmer as a class began to disappear. With him, the island's source of home-grown food began to dry up at the root. In 1899, 42 per cent of the crops produced were destined for the home market. By 1929, the proportion had shrunk to 28 per cent, and the rate of this shrinkage must have increased several fold in the last ten years.

In the sugar industry itself, the small farmer fits in only as a *colono*. A *colono* grows cane to be ground in someone else's mill. Generally the mill belongs to a large plantation which can produce cane at a lower cost than can the *colono*. Since the latter is at the mercy of the millowner in many ways, an attractive offer will usually tempt him to sell or lease his land.

Market: San Juan

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Hard times always hit the little fellow hardest, and so the postwar depression and the present one saw more and more small properties tumbling into the laps of the big operators.

By 1935, the sugar acreage operated by managers was nearly double the amount operated by owners and tenants combined, while its value was nearly three times that of the owner- and tenant-operated land. A parallel process brought the operation of mills into fewer hands. Of the forty-one mills remaining on the island, eleven were controlled by four large absentee corporations, and these eleven produced nearly half the total amount of sugar.

For a concise statement of the situation within the sugar industry today, none has ever bettered this paragraph from a decision of the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico:

> The census of 1935 . . . shows that 251,000 acres, or one fifth of the agricultural land, is employed in the production of sugar cane; that no less than 196,757 acres, *or, a little less than 70 per cent of the total area planted to sugar* is the property of, or is controlled almost exclusively by absentee shareholders (in continental United States); that the companies thus organized and controlled normally manufacture 59 per cent of the total of sugar produced by the island, thus controlling almost 40 per cent of the agricultural wealth of the island.

Helped along by hurricanes, changes in world market conditions, and other "acts of God," sugar's new hegemony all but crowded other products out of the picture. Puerto Rico became substantially a one-crop country. Last year, sugar accounted for nearly 70 per cent of the island's exports shipped to the mainland. Exports are what Puerto Rico lives by.

A Starvation Economy

The new prosperity in the upper brackets failed to simmer down into the pockets of the men and women who made the wheels go round. On the one hand, you had an industry growing more and more efficient, needing less and less labor to raise a ton of cane. (Sugar acreage doubled in productivity between the years 1924 and 1934.) On the other hand, you had a population that, under stimulus of the new order, was increasing at a fabulous rate. And the *jibaro* had to import his food and clothing. Out of small earnings he had to pay the high prices that were set by conditions on the mainland, where the standard of living was high.

Efforts to start local industries failed with remarkable consistency. Many of them were driven to the wall by "dumping" on the part of mainland manufacturers who were willing to take temporary losses in order to keep a lucrative market. Against this dumping Puerto Rico, wide-open to mainland goods, could do nothing to protect her own industries. Today, while the island has some 1,200 enterprises that can be called industrial, only 5 of them are of any size, and they manufacture almost exclusively for export.

Sugar, the island's new industrial giant, was not able to pay wages commensurate with a tariff-protected standard of living, especially after the market broke in the early twenties. At the time of the 1935 census, workers in the sugar industry were earning an average of $140 per year. Wages have gone up since then; in fact, Puerto Rico sugar pays its workers a better hourly rate than most of its competitors. Yearly earnings now have been estimated at $170, but some local observers have put the figure as low as $100. It seems evident that, with greater efficiency and a short harvest season, the rise in hourly rates has helped the *jibaro* little, if at all.

The new economic setup brought other innovations. One is the runaway sweatshop operator from New York or New Jersey, who has invaded the island and controls its needlework industry. Lacking the vision to develop a market for the really fine hand sewing that Puerto Rico women know how to do, he has been satisfied to harness these skilled handicraft workers into competition with machine industry, producing a cheap product for an uncertain market. He has been most ingenious in getting around wage-and-hour regulation both by the insular government and the NRA code authorities. Now, claiming that the fair-labor-standards act has ruined his business, he is threatening to run away again, this time to the coastal cities of China under Japanese control, where it is said he can get the work done more cheaply. But export figures indicate that, during the fiscal year 1939, he did 26 per cent more business than in 1937.

There are unfortunate angles, too, to Puerto Rico's "favorable" trade balance. It is estimated that Puerto Rico's imports cost her as much as twenty million dollars a year extra because of tariffs, while absentee ownership

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drains off millions of the profits of her sugar industry. The coastwise shipping and navigation laws saddle a tax on both her imports and her exports, by requiring that goods be shipped in American bottoms. The money paid out in debt service, both public and private, that leaves the island every year is said to run to a staggering figure. Losses through the export of profit and the drain of debt service actually leave the island's trade balance in the red, though the losses are concealed.

To compensate for this drain, Puerto Rico is allowed to keep the customs that are collected at her local ports and the federal internal revenue collected on the island. But since only about 5 per cent of her imports are from foreign countries, revenue from the former source is microscopic.

Further facts can almost be inferred from the above. During depression years, unemployment has affected as much as 75 per cent of the population. Last year, after a 1939 sugar harvest that lasted only a few weeks, it touched no less than 50 per cent. No one will be surprised to hear that the island's mortality rate is double that of the mainland or that tuberculosis and diseases owing to deficient diet are almost universal scourges.

War Sales No Solution

This was the situation that the New Deal found in our chief Caribbean possession and tried to cure by the rehabilitation methods that have been used elsewhere with varying degrees of success. But pump priming will not work in Puerto Rico. It will not work because of the island's complete dependence on the mainland as buyer, seller, and banker. The money leaves the community almost as rapidly as it is spent. A survey indicates that, of federal wages paid out to relief workers, 79 per cent return to the mainland at the third transaction. It is quite apparent now that relief will never do more than take the sharp edge off the island's hunger. The PRRA has done splendid things, but in the long run their main value will be educational.

Blanton Winship, predecessor to the present Governor, thought to better conditions by promoting an ambitious program of "tourism" at a cost of $150,000 a year. But it would take a good many tourists to compensate for the basic economic unbalance that is ruining the island; and, in fact, Puerto Rico can count herself lucky if she gets back the $150,000 a year.

With half the world at war, Puerto Rico's sugar men are eagerly checking both acreage and equipment. The last war created a great boom in the sugar market, a boom that broke only after 1921. The island's sugar industry has fretted under the production quotas fixed for it by the Secretary of Agriculture under the sugar act of 1937. The industry has shown a disposition to blame crop reduction for all the island's ills as well as its own, and these claims will probably be tested this year. For it is likely the next crop will be unrestricted, and the present upswing owing to war demand will give the industry a chance to sell what is stored in the *almacenes*.

But beet-sugar production has enormously increased since the World War, and the productivity of other sugar-growing countries has increased as well. There will be no second "Dance of the Millions" in nearby Cuba, no grandiloquent dreams of never-ending prosperity in Puerto Rico.

And, even though there should be more sugar grown than ever before, there will still remain poverty, disease, and gnawing discontent. The crisis has become too acute to be cured by the added employment (for a few months) that might be created by a brisk sugar market.

These then are the problems with which Puerto Rico must grapple if she is to survive. For the *jibaro* there will be new problems, too, as war sends the prices of his imported foodstuffs soaring.

Island Politics

Today, Puerto Rico's leading men are united in the belief that the conditions cannot be cured so long as the island remains in its present status as a colony. Without votes in Congress; with a political machinery that does not extend to control of its own courts, its own governor, or its own fiscal affairs, it cannot hope to break the stranglehold of outside economic interests.

While the demand for change is universal, Puerto Rico's politicos are far from agreement on just what the change should be.

The present majority political party, the Coalicion, stands officially committed to a program which calls for Statehood for the island. To them the problem sums itself up in

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the matter of political discrimination. With twelve representatives in Congress, Puerto Rico would be able to defend herself against those forms of political discrimination which, in their view, are responsible for most of the island's ills, while the full powers of a State of the Union would give them the means to deal with home affairs.

Another group, of undetermined strength, continues doggedly to battle for complete independence. Far from homogeneous in its views, this group ranges in militancy from the mild Liberales to the radical Nationalists. The independentists see their island today as a victim of the same economic strangulation and colonialism that caused the thirteen colonies to break away from Britain in 1775. They feel confident that as the Republic of Puerto Rico the island would be able to work out its own destiny.

Seeking to bridge the gap between these two main groups, some of the island's leading men are beginning to advance the theory that what Puerto Rico needs is a commonwealth system of government similar to that now enjoyed by the Philippine Islands. Common to all groups, however, is acute discontent with the present state of affairs and a demand for a greater degree of self-government.

One cannot predict how the immediate future may affect the shifting balance of power among these groups. At the moment the island's political life is in ferment. There is talk of a new coalition between Liberales and dissident sections of the Coalicion. At the same time the irredentist Popular Democratic Party, an outgrowth of a recent split in the Liberales, is gaining a strong foothold. While the situation is distressing to the politicos themselves, it has certain advantages to the island. Today the *jibaro* is hearing the basic problem, that of Puerto Rico's relation to the rest of the United States, discussed from every conceivable point of view. He is getting a liberal education on the question which it may ultimately be up to him to decide.

Good Neighborliness

The ultimate solution is as yet far from clear either to Washington or to Puerto Rico herself. But the fact that an answer must be found — and quickly — is becoming equally clear to both. On Washington's side, a committee composed of representatives of all cabinet departments has been giving the issue diagnostic attention. Meanwhile, Puerto Rico has opened the way to what looks like a possible solution by asking that Congress give her the right to elect a constituent assembly and through it decide for herself what her future status is to be.

No one can possibly know in advance what such an assembly would decide. However, it might help clarify the issues if some specious arguments, advanced by those who fear that such debate might result in a decision for independence, were corrected in advance.

Stability in our relations with Puerto Rico need not, for instance, preclude the possibility that the island might become an independent republic. Such a republic would of necessity, because of her location and her dependence on our market, maintain the friendliest possible relations with the United States. Any rights suggested by the exigencies of defense, such as the right to maintain a military establishment on Puerto Rican soil, could be secured by treaty, as in the cases of Cuba and the Philippines.

Nor is there much merit to another favorite bogey, the argument that Puerto Rico, once political ties were broken, would promptly be gobbled up by some rival power. As long as the Caribbean is an important strategic area — and that it will be, so long as there are wars or the possibilities of war — the United States will have to guarantee Puerto Rico against any foreign domination other than our own. No matter what her status, we could no more permit Puerto Rico to fall to a foreign power than we could allow Manhattan Island, say, to become a separate State under the auspices of Japan or Germany. This fact is well known in Puerto Rico, where the casuistry of such arguments only tends to lessen respect for our good faith.

The solution — whatever it may prove to be — is long overdue. With war raging in Europe and Asia, there must be no soft spot in the system of defense we have begun to build for the entire hemisphere. Probably no single gesture could contribute more to cordiality between good neighbors than the settlement of Puerto Rico's status, nor could any single act contribute more toward defense of the democratic ideal in this half of the world.

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The Future of the CCC

by **C. S. MARSH**

EVEN CRISP New England Republicans admit that the CCC camps are a good thing. An estimated two and a half million young men have gone through the camps — have had plentiful good food and clothes, have built up their bodies by living and working in the open, have shared the camaraderie of barracks life. Roads and trails and bridges and dams and shelters in every State of the Union are their enduring monuments. Enrollees have scrambled over the mountains to find crashed airplanes, fought through forest and scrub hunting the lost. In fire, storm, and flood, they have risked death to save life and property.

The Civilian Conservation Corps was hastily set up as an emergency relief measure in the first month of Roosevelt's first term. Now after seven years, the emergency phase is past. Congress has continued the Corps to July 1, 1943. No one expects the camps to fold up on that date. They are here to stay. They may be changed. I think they should be, but in some form they will be kept. Why? Because they are our best means of taking care of hundreds of thousands of boys whom the schools can't hold and employers can't take. It is time to plan ahead.

I have visions for the future of the CCC, naturally, for I was the first Educational Director of the Corps, worked with it, studied it intensely, inspected hundreds of camps from coast to coast — in mountains, on deserts, up

Woodcut by Clare Leighton

From the Collection of William Edwin Rudge

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canyons, near big cities, and near small towns. But before we consider what the CCC could be, let us see what it is now.

Applicants for enrollment outnumber vacancies two to one. At present, the boys average nineteen years old, and, though the law does not so stipulate, are chosen principally from families on relief. They may stay in the Corps two years, but the actual average is nine months.

The boys work eight hours a day, five days a week. The base rate of pay is thirty dollars a month, of which not less than twenty-two dollars is allotted to dependents or, if there are none, paid to the enrollee when he leaves. Present strength of the Corps is 300,000 in 1,500 camps of 200 men each. Ten or more in each camp may become Leaders at forty-five dollars a month, an additional sixteen or more Assistant Leaders at thirty-six dollars a month, getting valuable experience in handling men.

Most enrollees, I suspect, are given more clothes and better clothes than they ever had before. Recently, a new dress uniform of spruce green, with shoulder insignia and green overseas cap, has been approved.

The Corps feeds well. In one year the boys ate nearly 100,000,000 eggs, 3,000,000 chickens, 30,000,000 pounds of sugar, 62,000,000 pounds of beef, and also 3,000,000 pounds of dry beans — 39 carloads of them. Brother, that's a lot of beans! Small wonder that a chamber of commerce protests to its Congressman whenever it hears that a nearby camp may be moved.

On such food, the average youth entering the Corps will gain eight to twelve pounds in three to six months. He will cost his Uncle Sam about one thousand dollars if he stays a year.

Most of the work done by the CCC is part of a long-range nationwide conservation program planned jointly by the Departments of Interior and Agriculture or by State agencies. There are enough projects already proposed to keep the Corps busy for thirty years.

During its seven years, the CCC has planted almost fifteen trees for every man, woman, and child in the United States; strung enough telephone lines to reach three times around the earth; made truck trails or minor roads to go four times around the earth. Forty-two thousand bridges have been constructed, four million erosion-control dams built. The boys have put in nine million days of forest-fire fighting, prevention, and suppression.

Conservation takes a variety of forms: forest improvement, work on recreational areas, on historic restorations, on wild-life refugees, on roadside improvement, on swamp drainage.

Then there is emergency work. In bad years the boys help fight the grasshoppers. Forty camps were assigned to a clean-up job after the New England hurricane. Thousands of distressed citizens facing storm, flood, or fire have thanked God when the CCC trucks rolled in.

II

A CAMP LAYOUT is ordinarily five barracks buildings, a mess hall, a recreation hall, a schoolhouse, a hospital, shops, headquarters, living quarters for the camp commander — an army man — and his staff.

Army welfare funds provide each camp with athletic equipment. These huskies play hard, bruising games, and they are good sports. Many a CCC baseball player has graduated into a minor professional league.

Camp life has rough but effective ways of teaching certain elements of good citizenship.

A boy bragged too much, and his listeners plotted. They held him, head first, in the fire-prevention water barrel for what must have been to him an age. He lived — but after that was fairly quiet.

One boy condemned the United States Government and praised communism. That night, the boys held their "kangaroo court" and gave him one hour to go permanently A. W. O. L. — or else! (which meant that camp life would be unbearable). He left. The C.O. never knew why.

Wise company commanders can influence boys and maintain discipline without breaking their spirits.

An enrollee stole five dollars. The C.O. stated at assembly that he would pardon the thief if he returned the money either to him or to the loser by 10:00 P.M. and that no punishment or publicity would follow. In the meantime no one could leave camp. The money was given to the C.O. after dark. The boy had never stolen before. He said his mother needed glasses and he had wanted to help her. Investigation proved this true — the woman was slowly going blind. This boy never gave the camp any more trouble.

One company commander had the carpenter build a wooden trough down the middle of a

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table in the mess hall. The following day, five sloppy eaters were taken from their regular places and seated at the "hog's table," where meat, vegetables, and dessert were spread out along the trough. The men were given only spoons. Two days of this, and their table manners improved. But a better way is common: the company commander gives his Leaders coaching in table manners, then assigns one to each table.

Out in Idaho, we drove into a camp that had been moved there from West Virginia. A smart company commander that camp had! At retreat he led the singing. "Comin' Round the Mountain" comes close to being the CCC anthem. Good at pantomime, the captain "drove the six white horses" and "killed the old red rooster" while the boys grinned, sang, and yelled. Later that evening their hillbilly band entertained. Ever hear a bunch of homesick West Virginia boys sing about their hills? No problem of discipline in that camp!

Contrast this with the tactics of another officer, who, on coming to camp, called for a general assembly. His first words were: "See this pistol?" — as he took it from its holster. "I know how to use it, and, if any of you fellows think you can start a riot, just try! I'm boss here and I intend to be the boss!" Rebellion started right there and then. Of course he was soon fired.

III

THE CAMP SUPERINTENDENT has charge of the boys on the job. He is named from the Forest Service, Soil Service, or some other government service, depending on the nature of the camp's work project. He and his staff give job instruction during the work day and in classes at night. They make recommendations for promotion. What they say and think on all manner of questions is absorbed and quoted by the boys.

Four young men were placed on a surveying crew. The camp engineer asked them if they wanted to get ahead. They did. He worked three nights a week with them, teaching them mathematics, contour maps, running a transit. Within one year, the four obtained surveying jobs in a nearby city.

The camp educational adviser, a college student, appointed by the U. S. Commissioner of Education, has a difficult task. He must make self-improvement attractive to enrollees who have just done a day's work in the open. For the educational program is mainly a leisure-time activity limited to night hours. "Education is voluntary and not compulsory," says the Director of the Corps.

In a single camp the boys may range from illiterates to college graduates. The supply of textbooks, maps, and reference books is limited. There are counterattractions: sports, recreation, and movies. Teaching must be not only ingenious but even seductive, to succeed under such circumstances.

Yet nine out of ten enrollees are making some effort at self-improvement. What do they want to know? Mostly about jobs. And so they are taught about the jobs the camp is doing: building a road, a bridge, a trail, shelters; stopping soil erosion, preserving the forest. Much job instruction is given during the day, right on the job. But that isn't all. Some boys want to learn accounting, journalism, dramatics. And there are hobby clubs — photography, fossils, stamps. Moreover, thousands go into nearby night schools.

The records show that last year 5,176 boys, while in camp, earned their elementary-school diplomas; another 1,048, their high-school diplomas; 97 received college degrees.

Anybody and everybody teaches — the educational advisers, officers and foremen, WPA teachers, citizens from nearby towns, and some enrollees. Schools have given discarded books to augment those the government provides. Each camp is given a library of approximately a thousand volumes and about twenty-five magazines. Many camps have bought movie outfits out of canteen money.

The good camp educational adviser is much more than organizer and teacher of classes. Living in camp with the boys, he is confidant, buddy, counselor, and, frequently, job getter.

Three high-school graduates were discouraged because they had no trade or special training. Their educational adviser persuaded them to enter a night class in airplane metal work in a nearby town and lent them money to buy tools. Each finished as apprentice airplane metal worker. Then the adviser took them to an airplane factory where they obtained jobs in the riveting department.

In one camp there were eighty illiterates, fine-looking native stock from back in the

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hills. About twenty of them didn't know who was President; forty didn't know the capital of the United States. Four of them, when asked, guessed they were from five thousand to one hundred thousand miles away from their native hills. They were fanatically religious but they drank hard, fought viciously. Some of them resented singing "She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain" as impious, for to the same tune in church they had sung: "It's the good old ship of Zion when she comes."

A few such found learning their letters too difficult. But it is estimated that 65,000 CCC boys have been taught to read and write.

Experience as camp cooks, stewards, storekeepers, and office clerks often helps boys find jobs. When the cooks in a big hotel quit, the management went to a nearby CCC camp and hired the whole cooking staff, all of whom had learned to cook in camp.

What's it worth to the boys? What does the CCC experience train them to do? What does it give them to live on, to live with, to live by? Though there has been no thorough follow-up study of the boys after they leave camp, there have been some samplings.

There is much evidence from employers that enrollees have learned how to work, have learned how to carry out instructions, have acquired some self-discipline and self-confidence. They have been taught accident prevention and first aid. Nearly half these boys never had a job before going to camp. In general, the CCC experience makes them more employable.

The boys go home improved in mental state and social attitude. Sample studies support this statement. A spiritual lift comes to the boy who sends money regularly to his needy parents. He gains something of poise and self-reliance in the give and take of barracks life. His work gives him pride and courage in place of the aimlessness and discouragement that darkened his precamp life.

IV

EXISTING REGULATIONS forbid military training, and the CCC has never been more military than the Boy Scouts. Many enrollees would like drill. They wanted the bugle and got it, though at first it was denied. In 1933, some foreign powers could hardly be convinced that the CCC was not in essence a military enterprise; one, indeed, is reported to have sent a mission to visit camps and see for itself.

At retreat, as the flag is lowered, I've seen some companies stand rigidly at attention in good military order. I've seen others gathered respectfully around the flagpole with little semblance of military style.

At noon, at a camp in Virginia, I heard the top kick's whistle and saw the boys line up in columns of squads before their barracks.

"Why this military touch?" I asked the captain.

"Teaches 'em neatness and manners," he said. "They have to be washed and combed for this formation, and I dismiss them by files to enter the mess hall. That stops roughhouse and scuffling around the door."

"Which platoon enters first?" — for it was a raw, winter day.

"The one with the neatest barracks on inspection this morning, followed by the neatest yesterday, and so on."

Another wintry noon, in a Carolina camp, the boys were arriving by truckloads. Climbing down out of each truck, they lined up. "Forward hike," and the Leader marched them off.

Again my query — "Why the military touch, captain?"

"One broken leg," he said. "These trucks come in fast. The boys used to scramble off before a truck stopped. Snow on the ground — one fell in front of a truck."

I found no semblance, ever, of military drill; the device of formations was used only for the protection or benefit of the group.

And if war should come? A major general once pointed out to me the military value of hundreds of thousands of young men trained not only to drive but to care for trucks, road graders, bulldozers, and tractors; of hundreds of thousands more who are skilled in building roads, bridges, retaining walls, in the care of tools and machinery. But this is more important: they are experienced in living together, trained in sanitation and health measures; they have been taught first aid, and are used to carrying out orders. And the Leaders have already had responsibility like a sergeant's, the Assistant Leaders like a corporal's. Do you wonder that the general was enthusiastic as he talked about what the CCC would mean to the army if an emergency arose? Veterans of the

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CCC could be made into soldiers quickly.

The army, with more than 150 years' experience in caring for men, has done a good job in running the camps. No epidemics, no serious scandals in purchase of supplies — these are tributes to good camp management.

But the army has missed a big chance. It has never really comprehended the importance of the Corps. Under its general theory that any officer can do anything, the army's practice is to move officers at regular intervals from one post or job to another. This has resulted in some admirable, some grotesque assignments to CCC duty.

The army picks officers with great care for the Citizens Military Training Camps in the summer and for the Reserve Officers Training Corps in colleges. In both cases civilians are to be handled, not soldiers. No leather-hearted bronco busters for these posts. For the R.O.T.C. assignment, the president of each institution approves the officers selected by the army.

So, for CCC duty, officers should be chosen whose training and experience clearly qualifies them for management and understanding of civilian youth. Too many have been appointed merely to give them experience as officers.

Camp commanders should be approved by the Director of the Corps and by the U. S. Commissioner of Education. We choose high-school teachers with that much care. This is a more important, a harder task. For the camp commander lives with his boys twenty-four hours a day — boys young, impressionable, away from home.

V

THERE IS NEED for a shift of emphasis in the CCC. The whole concept should be that the CCC is an essential part of the American educational structure. As the President told Congress, the CCC's "major purpose is to promote the welfare and further the training of the individuals who make up the Corps, important as may be the construction work which they have carried on so successfully."

The CCC, firmly established in the good will of the nation, needs a new kind and quality of leadership. It needs proper integration with other youth-serving agencies, such as the high schools, the National Youth Administration, the counseling and employment agencies, State and community organizations. This will make possible a better placement service and better follow-up after the boys leave camp.

The place of education in camp life should be clarified. It is only recently that a schoolhouse has been provided in each camp. The right of these boys to further educational opportunity in daylight hours should be recognized, even by shortening their working day.

Every camp superintendent, engineer, foreman, every camp commander and subaltern should be chosen quite as much for his influence on the boys as for his technical competence — foremen in particular. What the foreman thinks and says and what he is will affect many of these boys to the end of their days.

Last — and most important — standing at the head of the Corps as Director should be a man experienced and wise in dealing with youth. He must know how to elicit the best thinking of educators, parents, social workers, employers, labor leaders — all who are concerned with the problems of youth — drawn together in an advisory council.

William James wrote a notable essay on the "moral equivalent of war." Military service does foster bravery, contempt of softness, service to the state, surrender of private interest, obedience to command. James was for conscripting the whole youthful population against nature in such projects as the building of roads. This would knock the childishness out of youth, he said, would give toughness without callousness, painful labor without degradation; would enable each to pay his blood tax.

The CCC is our closest approach to his idea. Fighting forest fires, battling floods, succoring the victims of tornadoes, hunting the lost in the mountains, the CCC enrollees have proved their heroism. And, instead of the crop of tombstones and cripples which war exacts for its disciplines, roads blasted out of mountainsides, trails down into canyons, telephone wires into vast forests, acres saved to man's use, innumerable bridges are the monuments, and healthy boys the principal product of this moral equivalent of war.

Because of its great value to American youth and to the country, the CCC should be removed from its emergency and somewhat haphazard status and established as an integral part of the American educational process. It is important enough to be worth the best that educational and administrative brains can give it.

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The Artist's Point of View

Bill Gropper: His First Twenty Years as Cartoonist and Painter

BILL GROPPER'S fellow artists, together with hosts of his personal and newspaper friends, have just celebrated twenty years of Gropper the cartoonist by a monster rally in Mecca Temple. Gropper the artist has also been celebrated, much more quietly, by an exhibition done within the past two years at the A.C.A. Gallery in New York City. Both these events measure the impressive success of Bill as artist and man.

"As a cartoonist," says *Time*, "Bill Gropper has been busy as a beaver for twenty years trying to gnaw down the capitalist system."

Gropper will not deny that charge. Unlike Benton, who prides himself on not taking sides, he is definitely for the workers and against that system. But the most weighty reason for Gropper's importance is that he does not forget art when he becomes avenger or prophet. His propaganda is always art; his art is sometimes propaganda. It is not that Gropper has limited his pictorial punches to the field of economics and politics. He has attacked tyranny, greed, sham, wherever he found them, with cutting satire; he has painted the tragedies of dust bowl and share cropper, of war, refugees, and "civilization." He has laughed at the aesthetic frailties of affluent Art Patrons, at Museum of Modern Art Openings, at Political Speakers. He has let his healthy sense of humor play with Grandmothers, Wrestlers, Hoboes, Brenda in a Tantrum, and his own son (in the painting *Halloween*).

It is easy to call Gropper the Daumier of today because he *is* our Daumier. He is both cartoonist and painter, as Daumier was. He is definitely influenced by both the Daumier ideology and the Daumier style. He dramatizes his conceptions as forcefully, if not with the same finesse. His characterizations are as caustic (or more so), if not perhaps as mature. He knows and uses color-space harmonics as Daumier did. But, notwithstanding the obvious influence, Gropper is an original artist because he assimilates the influence and uses it in his own way. Never, in the specific concept or design, does he copy.

The painting, *Meeting*, illustrated below, shows Gropper the artist, concerned with life and human beings. No propaganda here discredits one kind of meeting in favor of another. These are just people listening — the few intense souls who have stayed on after others have gone, the disorderly chairs eloquently telling that event. There is powerful and differentiated characterization in every face and body. There is effective, functional design — note how chair motifs play against human motifs and against the one vertical bench motif; there is not one distracting element in either subject or design. There is economy of effort and concentration of interest — perfect stage management. And the color is a harmony of varied grays in keeping with the theme.

A work of art, this, which does credit to our time.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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(*Continued from page 276*)

without work and in need of assistance. But since matters are general all over the country, we are no worse off than many of our sister cities. The lady to whom you refer as Mrs. B. has dedicated her life to civic betterment. Her accomplishments are varied and many. — CHAS. H. LINVILLE; *Baltimore*

Having lived in Baltimore for more than 14 years, I must protest that damn' article. What's the matter with white marble steps? They look a lot better than New York East Side Tenement fire escapes and slatternly brownstone steps, and Washington's dingy districts. Because of Baltimore's fine public library system, I was never pressed to buy books. Hence no "large or prosperous bookstore." As to Civil War hatreds alive today, this is stupid. Our family is northern, but we lived peacefully and well with friends of life-long residence in Baltimore. No fighting over slavery issues! What is being done for negroes anywhere else that Baltimore is so criminally not doing? Decay in centre of Baltimore, no more severe than any other large cities. I lived in Baltimore and found it always the "gracious lady." — J. F. BEERS, JR.; *Mahwah, N. J.*

Many of the indictments are unquestionably sound and justified. They would be all the more forceful were it not for the sophomoric style of the author. Baltimore is smug. Its social castes are rigid. There is something of lethargy with regard to civic matters. The monied groups are niggardly in their support of philanthropic and cultural activities. The treatment of the negro is worse than in portions of the deep South. So much for the truth of the article. There is not another city in the country where there is a greater measure of civil liberties. The Sunpapers deserve some substantial credit along this line. I feel, however, that it is fundamentally part of the spirit of the community. While a great deal of space is given to the redoubtable "Mrs. B," dynamic Marie Bauernschmidt, there is a possible emphasis which lends danger to an overestimation of her influence. Not even a superficial account is complete without mention of Miss Elizabeth Gilman — "Miss Lizzie" as the Sunpapers affectionately call her. Elizabeth Gilman, daughter of the famed first President of Johns Hopkins University, Daniel Coit Gilman, is the incarnation of the spirit of all that is finest in liberal Baltimore. Every meeting of social protest has her somewhere conspicuously in the picture as an inspiration and guide. She is not only colorful but meaningful. I have lived in Baltimore for almost twenty years. I have come to know that sometimes we can apply the word "smugness" to stolidity of character. I have discovered that that which we derisively term as "lethargy" is simply the unwillingness of a mature community to get unduly excited until it has been shown that there is real grounds for it. It's something to live in a community where the local Chamber of Commerce, for whatever reason it may be, speaks apologetically rather than bombastically. In return for that, one can forgive a lot of other faults in the community. — EDWARD L. ISRAEL; *Baltimore*

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (c) *clear* [Most people fear bad weather and drive more carefully in it.]
2. (e) *no apparent defects* [Ninety-five per cent of all vehicles involved in accidents are in good condition.]
3. (c) *85,000,000* [This is attendance. Some go twice a week, of course.]
4. (c) *"Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" — Thomas Dixon* [by John Fox, Jr., not Dixon. Dixon wrote *The Clansman*, from which the film, *Birth of a Nation*, was made.]
5. (c) *"I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest."*
6. (c) *Izvestia* [Official organ of the government.]
7. (b) *Seabiscuit* [Total winnings: $437,730.]
8. (b) *A Continental commentator, broadcasting for the Nazis* [Speaks with Oxford accent.]
9. (a) *George Jean Nathan*
10. (d) *"Native Son," by Richard Wright* [A fine book.]
11. (b) *$45,000,000* [Unless Congress has raised the limit since we went to press.]
12. (b) *Thomas Hardy* [From the famous opening chapter of *The Return of the Native.*]
13. (a) *the Balkans* [Allies have troops concentrated near there.]
14. (c) *California* [In Tulare County.]
15. (b) *It seemed a reversion to a remote ancestral trait.* [Atavism: the recurrence of characteristics of a remote ancestor, instead of those more immediate; return to a more primitive type.]
16. (d) *Oscar Levant* [Author of *A Smattering of Ignorance.*]
17. *hicoughs* [Should be "hiccoughs."]
18. (a) *Joachim von Ribbentrop*
19. (c) *ten stories high* [If you hit a telegraph pole you get the same effect.]
20. (b) *J. P. Morgan*
21. (a) *"Hello, Bert; sorry to hear you may not get that job."* [His appointment as lecturer at City College of New York was voided by court but may be reinstated on appeal.]
22. (d) *Frank Murphy.* [Rumor is that he'll soon run for some office.]
23. (c) *aviation industry*
24. (b) *There were no U. S. air line fatalities in 1939.* [False. Last fatal air line accident occurred in March, 1939.]
25. (c) *A sybarite is a voluptuary.* [A benedict is a newly married man. Flotsam is wreckage of ship or cargo floating on the sea. Jetsam is goods cast overboard. Does seem a fine distinction, but of some importance at law.]

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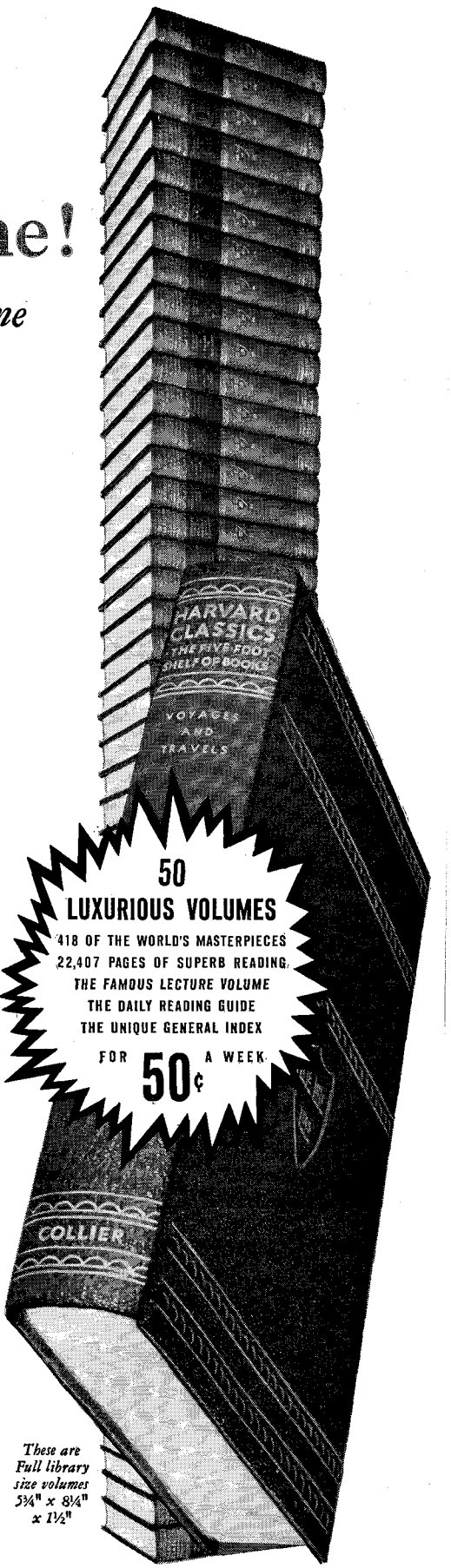

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TOASTS

MARQUIS W. CHILDS, Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* and an authoritative writer on economic and political subjects, has appeared in these pages often before. The last time was in March of this year, with his article about Robert H. Jackson.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, onetime editor of the *Nation* and a frequent FORUM contributor, spent four months in Europe last year, returning in December. Since then he has been writing and lecturing on the material he collected from a continent at war.

CARROLL O'MEARA is a radio writer and producer, assistant manager of the Hollywood office of a national advertising agency. In addition to writing for magazines and radio, Mr. O'Meara is working on a novel.

FRANK J. TAYLOR is a Pacific Coast advertising writer and the author of *California — Land of Homes.* THE FORUM published his "California's 'Grapes of Wrath'" in November of last year.

HENRY F. PRINGLE, one of America's best-known journalists for many years, specializes in biography and political writing. His biography of Theodore Roosevelt won a Pulitzer prize in 1932.

AVIS D. CARLSON, a native of Kansas (where she now lives), studied and also taught for a while at the University of Illinois. She has contributed to many magazines and is coauthor of *Bringing Up Your Child.*

MARY M. COLUM, FORUM literary critic since 1933, author of *From These Roots,* has been teaching this year at Columbia University.

ELEANOR VAN ALEN, formerly Literary Editor of the *North American Review,* is a busy lecturer and radio speaker these days, as well as a book critic.

LETA CLEWS CROMWELL, a New Yorker who studied the drama at Bryn Mawr and Columbia, is a keen observer of the current theatre.

JO HUBBARD CHAMBERLIN, ex-newspaperman and editor, is a free-lance writer who lives in New York City.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN'S *Confessions of an Individualist,* to be published shortly, is a synthesis of his experiences and the ideas they have fostered during his lengthy career as foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor.*

JACQUES MARÉCHAL is the pen name of a well-known French journalist now busy with the silent duties of war work.

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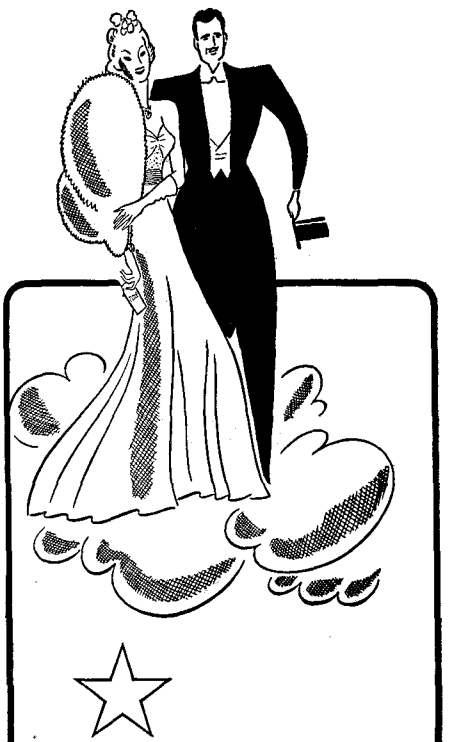

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